



THE TEMPLE DRAMATISTS

Sheridan's THE RIVALS



THE RIVALS

A Comedy written by

RICHARD BRINSLEY
SHERIDAN

Edited with Introduction and Notes

by
G. A. MITKEN

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Introduction.

History of the Play. *The Rivals*, Sheridan's first play, was produced at Covent Garden Theatre on the 17th of January, 1775, when the author was twenty-three years of age. On the first night, as well as on the second, the play was an unmistakable failure, and it was withdrawn. On the 28th it was again brought forward, reduced in length, and with Clinch in place of Lee as Sir Lucius O'Trigger; and from that day until now the comedy has been one of the most popular in the language. At the tenth performance Sheridan added a new prologue, giving his views of comedy, and ridiculing the "sentimental muse." It was *The Rivals* which brought to an end the reign of the sentimental or genteel comedy; yet Sheridan thought it prudent to introduce into this very play two tiresome characters, Julia and Faulkland, whose conversation, when they are together, contains none of his usual wit. No doubt the scenes in which they appear were once the most popular portions of the play with many of the spectators; now they are usually omitted or abridged. The theory that these passages were written as a satire upon the sentimentalists does not seem tenable, though fun is made from time to time of the unreasonable jealousy and suspicion of Faulkland, who always met his happiness with a "but." Faulkland is amusing enough when he is not with Julia; and for the rest, where is there a more entertaining gathering than Sir Anthony Absolute and his son, Mrs Malaprop and Lydia Languish, Bob Acres and Sir Lucius

attended a theatrical trial, and which consequently ought not to pass unnoticed.

I need scarcely add, that the circumstance alluded to was the withdrawing of the piece, to remove those imperfections in the first representation which were too obvious to escape reprobation, and too numerous to admit of a hasty correction. There are few writers, I believe, who, even in the fullest consciousness of error, do not wish to palliate the faults which they acknowledge; and, however trifling the performance, to second their confession of its deficiencies, by whatever plea seems least disgraceful to their ability. In the present instance, it cannot be said to amount either to candour or modesty in me, to acknowledge an extreme inexperience and want of judgment on matters, in which, without guidance from practice, or spur from success, a young man should scarcely boast of being an adept. If it be said, that under such disadvantages no one should attempt to write a play, I must beg leave to dissent from the position, while the first point of experience that I have gained on the subject is, a knowledge of the candour and judgment with which an impartial public distinguishes between the errors of inexperience and incapacity, and the indulgence which it shows even to a disposition to remedy the defects of either.

It were unnecessary to enter into any farther extenuation of what was thought exceptionable in this play, but that it has been said, that the managers should have prevented some of the defects before its appearance to the public—and in particular the uncommon length of the piece as represented the first night. It were an ill return for the most liberal and gentlemanly conduct on their side, to suffer any censure to rest where none was deserved. Hurry in writing has long been exploded as an excuse for an author;—however, in the dramatic line, it may happen, that both an author and a manager may wish to fill a chasm in the entertainment of the public with a hastiness not altogether culpable. The season was advanced when I first put the play into Mr Harris's hands: it was at that time at least double the length of any acting comedy. I profited by his judgment and experience in the curtailing of it—till, I believe, his feeling for the vanity of a young author got the better of his desire for correctness, and he left many excrescences remaining, because he had assisted in pruning so many more. Hence, though I was not uninformed that the acts were still too long, I flattered myself that, after the first trial, I might with safer judgment proceed to remove what should appear to have been most dissatisfactory. Many other errors there were, which might in part have

arisen from my being by no means conversant with plays in general, either in reading or at the theatre. Yet I own that, in one respect, I did not regret my ignorance: for as my first wish in attempting a play was to avoid every appearance of plagiary, I thought I should stand a better chance of effecting this from being in a walk which I had not frequented, and where, consequently, the progress of invention was less likely to be interrupted by starts of recollection: for on subjects on which the mind has been much informed, invention is slow of exerting itself. Faded ideas float in the fancy like half-forgotten dreams; and the imagination in its fullest enjoyments becomes suspicious of its offspring, and doubts whether it has created or adopted.

With regard to some particular passages which on the first night's representation seemed generally disliked, I confess, that if I felt any emotion of surprise at the disapprobation, it was not that they were disapproved of, but that I had not before perceived that they deserved it. As some part of the attack on the piece was begun too early to pass for the sentence of *judgment*, which is ever tardy in condemning, it has been suggested to me, that much of the disapprobation must have arisen from virulence of malice, rather than severity of criticism: but as I was more apprehensive of there being just grounds to

excite the latter than conscious of having deserved the former, I continue not to believe that probable, which I am sure must have been unprovoked. However, if it was so, and I could even mark the quarter from whence it came, it would be ungenerous to retort: for no passion suffers more than malice from disappointment. For my own part, I see no reason why the author of a play should not regard a first night's audience as a candid and judicious friend attending, in behalf of the public, at his last rehearsal. If he can dispense with flattery, he is sure at least of sincerity, and even though the annotation be rude, he may rely upon the justness of the comment. Considered in this light, that audience, whose *fat* is essential to the poet's claim, whether his object be fame or profit, has surely a right to expect some deference to its opinion, from principles of politeness at least, if not from gratitude.

As for the little puny critics, who scatter their peevish strictures in private circles, and scribble at every author who has the eminence of being unconnected with them, as they are usually spleen-swoln from a vain idea of increasing their consequence, there will always be found a petulance and illiberality in their remarks, which should place them as far beneath the notice of a gentleman, as their original dulness had sunk them from the level of the most unsuccessful author.

It is not without pleasure that I catch at an opportunity of justifying myself from the charge of intending any national reflection in the character of Sir Lucius O'Trigger. If any gentleman opposed the piece from that idea, I thank them sincerely for their opposition; and if the condemnation of this comedy (however misconceived the provocation) could have added one spark to the decaying flame of national attachment to the country supposed to be reflected on, I should have been happy in its fate; and might with truth have boasted, that it had done more real service in its failure, than the successful morality of a thousand stage-novels will ever effect.

It is usual, I believe, to thank the performers in a new play, for the exertion of their several abilities. But where (as in this instance) their merit has been so striking and uncontroverted, as to call for the warmest and truest applause from a number of judicious audiences, the poet's after-praise comes like the feeble acclamation of a child to close the shouts of a multitude. The conduct, however, of the principals in a theatre cannot be so apparent to the public. I think it therefore but justice to declare, that from this theatre (the only one I can speak of from experience) those writers who wish to try the dramatic line will meet with that candour and

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liberal attention, which are generally allowed to be better calculated to lead genius into excellence, than either the precepts of judgment, or the guidance of experience.

THE AUTHOR.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

AS ORIGINALLY ACTED AT COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE IN 1775.

SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE	<i>Mr Shuter.</i>
CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE	<i>Mr Woodward.</i>
FAULKLAND	<i>Mr Lewis.</i>
ACRES	<i>Mr Quick.</i>
SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER	<i>Mr Lee.</i>
FAG	<i>Mr Lee Lewes.</i>
DAVID	<i>Mr Dunstal.</i>
THOMAS	<i>Mr Fearon.</i>
MRS MALAPROP	<i>Mrs Green.</i>
LYDIA LANGUISH	<i>Miss Barsanti.</i>
JULIA	<i>Mrs Bulkley.</i>
LUCY	<i>Mrs Lessingham.</i>

Maid, Boy, Servants, &c.

SCENE: Bath.

Time of Action—Five Hours

The Rivals.

A Comedy.

Prologue.

BY THE AUTHOR.

SPOKEN BY MR WOODWARD AND MR QUICK.

Enter Serjeant-at-law and Attorney following and giving a paper.

Serj. What's here!—a vile cramp hand! I cannot see
Without my spectacles.

Att. He means his fee.

Nay, Mr Serjeant, good sir, try again. [Gives money.]

Serj. The scrawl improves! [more] O come, 'tis pretty plain.

Hey! how's this? Dibble!—sure it cannot be!

A poet's brief! a poet and a fee!

b "

Of Edward Shuter, who died in 1776, Churchill wrote, in the *Rosciad* :—

" Shuter, who never cared a single pin
Whether he left out nonsense, or put in."

i. i. 79. *Mort*. A Devonshire word for a quantity. "He gave her a mort of good things" (*Pamela*).

i. i. 125. *Gyde's porch*. The lower rooms, on the Walks, kept by Mr Gyde, had, "from their situation, some advantages of the upper, particularly a good garden, and a retired walk on the margin of the river" (*The New Prose Bath Guide*, 1778).

i. ii. 30. Of Lydia Languish's fiction it is enough to say that Smollett's *Peregrine Pickle* (which included *The Memoirs of a Lady of Quality*) appeared in 1751, and his *Humphrey Clinker* in 1771. Sterne's *Sentimental Journey* was published in 1768. *The Mistakes of the Heart* and *The Tears of Sensibility* were translated from the French in 1773; and *The Delicate Distress* and *The Gordian Knot* appeared together in the same year.

i. ii. 198. Smollett's *Roderick Random* was published in 1748; *The Innocent Adultery* is the second title of Southerne's tragedy, *The Fatal Marriage*. Mackenzie's *Man of Feeling* appeared in 1771. Mrs Chapone wrote *Letters on the Improvement of the Mind*, 1773; and Dr James Fordyce *Sermons to Young Women*, 1765, and *The Character and Conduct of the Female Sex*, 1776.

i. ii. 399. *Paduasey*. A silk stuff, named from Padua and the French *soie*.

ii. i. 73. *Faulkland*. The name, but nothing else, appears to have been suggested by two characters of this name in Mrs Frances Sheridan's novel, *Miss Sydney Biddulph*.

ii. i. 385. A parody on Pope's *Essay on Criticism* :—

" The sound must seem an echo to the sense."

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II. i. 516. *Cox's Museum.* A popular exhibition of curiosities, described in Miss Burney's *Evelina* (1778).

II. ii. 16. *South Parade.* See the *New Bath Guide*, 1766:—

"O, the charming parties made!
Some to walk the South Parade."

II. ii. 23. The Parade Coffee House was on the North Parade.

III. iv. 4. *The Devon monkerony*, i.e. maccaroni, or dandy.

III. iv. 32. *Coupee.* A motion in dancing, when one leg is a little bent and suspended from the ground, while with the other a motion is made forward.

III. iv. 40. *Allemand.* A brisk dance.

III. iv. 125. See *Macbeth*, Act I. Sc. v. :—

" Yet do I fear thy nature,
It is too full o' the milk o' human kindness."

III. iv. 155. *King's Mead Fields*, on the west side of the city, formed part of the ancient royal demesne.

IV. ii. 8. *Comparisons don't become a young woman.* Dogberry had said, "Comparisons are odorous" (*Much Ado About Nothing*, III. v.).

IV. ii. 19. A parody on *Hamlet*, Act III. Sc. Iv. :—

" Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A station like the herald Mercury,
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill."

IV. 3. 62. *The Spring Gardens*, near the New Bridge:—

" He said it would greatly our pleasure promote
If we all for Spring Gardens set out in a boat."

The New Bath Guide, 1766.

Public breakfasts, with music, were a feature of those gardens (*New Praise Bath Guide*, 1778).

V. i. 11. *You see before you a wretch.* As Moore pointed out,

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the idea of this test of love is to be found in Prior's *Nut-brown Maid*, but that maid, unlike Julia, was perfectly happy when the lover confessed his trick.

V. i. 184. *Why, is it not provoking?* The niece in Steele's *Tender Husband* complained, in a similar manner, that "it looks so ordinary, to go out at a door to be married. Indeed I ought to be taken out of a window, and run away with" (IV. i.).

V. iii. 40. *The Abbey*. The Abbey Church at Bath.

V. iii. 325. *The New Rooms* were built in the Upper Town, near the Circus, and there were complaints that the residents in that portion of the city were inclined to separate themselves from their neighbours.

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Introduction.

⇒ The Rivals

O'Trigger? If the wit is less dazzling than that of *The School for Scandal*, it is more spontaneous and natural.

In *The Rivals*, as elsewhere, Sheridan made use of earlier studies, which had been cast aside for a time. The play was finished by the end of 1774, when Sheridan wrote to his father-in-law, "I have done it at Mr Harris's (the manager's) own request. . . . I had not written a line of it two months ago, except a scene or two, which I believe you have seen in an odd act of a little farce."

Suggested Origins. The scene of the play is laid in Bath, where Sheridan had lived, and most of the characters were such as he would see from day to day in that fashionable resort. But this is a very different thing from saying that Mrs Malaprop and the rest were copied from real persons. Attempts have been made, with very little reason, to show that Sheridan had his own life in view in writing the play, and that Mrs Sheridan was the prototype of Lydia Languish. Mary Linley wrote to her sister, Mrs Sheridan, "I was told last night that it was his own story, and therefore called *The Rivals*; but I do not give any credit to this intelligence." It is true that there were rival claimants for Miss Linley's hand, and that Sheridan fought duels on her account; but though the lady eloped with Sheridan, there is nothing to warrant us in calling her a Lydia Languish. The whole point of the title of the play is, of course, that the "rivals,"—Ensign Beverley and Captain Absolute—are one and the same person. Other critics have suggested obligations to preceding writers. Some of the supposed parallels are absurd; of the rest, it seems clear that Sheridan had in his mind, when creating Mrs Malaprop, a Mrs Tryfort, a citizen's widow, who is a character in his mother's unpublished play, *A Journey to Bath*. Some of Mrs Tryfort's mistakes:

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"contagious countries," etc.) reappear with little or no change in *The Rivals*. He was, of course, also familiar with Mrs Slipslop in Fielding's *Joseph Andrew*, with Tabitha Bramble in Smoilett's *Humphrey Clinker*, and with Shakespeare's Dogberry, but the only resemblance between these various characters is their habit of misapplying words. As to Lydia Languish, she is akin to Coiman's Polly Honeycombe, only because both of them—like many others—were romantic, and indulged in novel-reading. The same idea is to be found, many years earlier, in Biddy Tipkin, in Steeple's *Tender Husband*, and that young lady, doubtless familiar to Sheridan, is the nearest parallel to Lydia Languish. Lydia Bramble, in *Humphrey Clinker*, had, as Mr Sanders has pointed out, "a languishing eye, and reads romances." We may compare Bob Acres with Sir Andrew Aguecheek; but to say that the one was copied from the other is absurd. Some touches in the picture of Acres recall Sir Joseph Wittol, in Congreve's *Old Bachelor*.

Sheridan's Life. A sketch of the author's life has been given in the Introduction to *The School for Scandal*, in this series. Here it will be enough to say that Richard Brinsley Sheridan, son of the actor and writer Thomas Sheridan, and the novelist Francis Sheridan, was born in Dublin on October 30, 1751. After school days at Harrow, Sheridan lived with his family at Bath, and in 1773 he concluded a romantic marriage with the singer, Eliza Ann Linley. Two years later came *The Rivals*, followed by a farce, *St Patrick's Day*, and a successful comic opera, *The Duenna*. In 1776 Sheridan and his friends bought Garrick's share in Drury Lane Theatre, but nothing more important than *A Trip to Scarborough*, an adaptation from Vanbrugh, was produced by the

new manager until May 1777, when *The School for Scandal* was first acted. *The Critic, or a Tragedy Rehearsed* (1779) was really Sheridan's last play, though he afterwards brought out *Pizarro*, a translation or adaptation from Kotzebue. In 1780 he was elected member of parliament for Stafford, and at the age of twenty-nine began a new and brilliant career as statesman and orator. During the impeachment of Warren Hastings he delivered his famous speeches respecting Hastings' conduct towards the princesses of Oude; but before long, financial and other troubles began to weigh heavily upon him, and he fell under the malign influence of the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV. In 1809 Drury Lane Theatre, then recently rebuilt, was burnt down, and soon afterwards Sheridan lost his seat in parliament. At the time of his death (July 7, 1816) he was hard pressed by creditors, though his debts seem not to have exceeded £4000, and the Regent and others sent money at the last moment, on hearing of his position. A few days later his body was buried in Westminster Abbey, in the presence of princes and noblemen



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A PREFACE to a play seems generally to be considered as a kind of closet-prologue, in which—if his piece has been successful—the author solicits that indulgence from the reader which he had before experienced from the audience: but as the scope and immediate object of a play is to please a mixed assembly in *representation* (whose judgment in the theatre at least is decisive), its degree of reputation is usually as determined as public, before it can be prepared for the cooler tribunal of the study. Thus any farther solicitude on the part of the writer becomes unnecessary at least, if not an intrusion: and if the piece has been condemned in the performance, I fear an address to the closet, like an appeal to posterity, is constantly regarded as the procrastination of a suit, from a consciousness of the weakness of the cause. From these considerations, the following comedy would certainly have been submitted to the reader, without any farther introduction than what it had in the representation, but that its success has probably been founded on a circumstance which the author is informed has not before

Att. Yes, sir ! though you without reward, I know,
Would gladly plead the Muse's cause.

Serj. So !—so !

Att. And if the fee offends, your wrath should fall
On me.

Serj. Dear Dibble, no offence at all.

10

Att. Some sons of Phœbus in the courts we meet—

Serj. And fifty sons of Phœbus in the Fleet !

Att. Nor pleads he worse, who with a decent sprig
Of bays adorns his legal waste of wig.

Serj. Full-bottomed heroes thus, on signs, unfurl
A leaf of laurel in a grove of curl !
Yet tell your client, that, in adverse days,
This wig is warmer than a bush of bays.

Att. Do you, then, sir, my client's place supply, 20
Profuse of robe, and prodigal of tie—

Do you, with all those blushing powers of face,
And wonted bashful hesitating grace,

Rise in the court, and flourish on the case. [Exit.

Serj. For practice then suppose—this brief will show
it,—

Me, Serjeant Woodward,—counsel for the poet.

Used to the ground, I know 'tis hard to deal

With this dread court, from whence there's no
appeal ;

The Rivals

Prologue.

No tricking here, to blunt the edge of law,
Or, damned in equity, escape by flaw : 30
But judgment given, your sentence must remain ;
No writ of error lies—to Drury-lane :
Yet when so kind you seem, 'tis past dispute
We gain some favour, if not costs of suit.
No spleen is here ! I see no hoarded fury ;—
I think I never faced a milder jury !
Sad else our plight ! where frowns are transportation,
A hiss the gallows, and a groan damnation !
But such the public candour, without fear
My client waves all right of challenge here. 40
No newsman from our session is dismissed,
Nor wit nor critic we scratch off the list ;
His faults can never hurt another's ease,
His crime, at worst, a bad attempt to please :
Thus, all respecting, he appeals to all,
And by the general voice will stand or fall.

Prologue.

BY THE AUTHOR.

SPOKEN ON THE TENTH NIGHT, BY MRS BULKLEY.

Granted our cause, our suit and trial o'er,
The worthy serjeant need appear no more :
In pleasing I a different client choose,
He served the Poet—I would serve the Muse :
Like him, I 'll try to merit your applause,
A female counsel in a female's cause.

Look on this form,*—where humour, quaint and
sly,
Dimples the cheek, and points the beaming eye ;
Where gay invention seems to boast its wiles
In amorous hint, and half-triumphant smiles ; 10
While her light mask or covers satire's strokes,
Or hides the conscious blush her wit provokes.
Look on her well — does she seem formed to
teach ?
Should you expect to hear this lady preach ?
Is grey experience suited to her youth ?

* Pointing to the figure of Comedy.

Do solemn sentiments become that mouth ?
Bid her be grave, those lips should rebel prove
To every theme that slanders mirth or love.

Yet, thus adorned with every graceful art
To charm the fancy and yet reach the heart, 20
Must we displace her ? And instead advance
The goddess of the woful countenance—
The sentimental Muse !—Her emblems view,
The Pilgrim's Progress, and a sprig of rue !
View her—too chaste to look like flesh and blood—
Primly portrayed on emblematic wood !
There, fixed in usurpation, should she stand,
She 'll snatch the dagger from her sister's hand :
And having made her votaries weep a flood,
Good heaven ! she 'll end her comedies in blood— 30
Bid Harry Woodward break poor Dunstal's crown !
Imprison Quick, and knock Ned Shuter down ;
While sad Barsanti, weeping o'er the scene,
'Shall stab herself—or poison Mrs Green.'

Such dire encroachments to prevent in time,
Demands the critic's voice—the poet's rhyme.
Can our light scenes add strength to holy laws ?
Such puny patronage but hurts the cause :
Fair virtue scorns our feeble aid to ask ;
And moral truth despairs the trickster's mask. 40

For here their favourite stands,* whose brow severe
 And sad, claims youth's respect, and pity's tear ;
 Who, when oppress'd by foes her worth creates,
 Can point a poniard at the guilt she hates.

Act First.

Scene I.

A Street.

Enter Thomas; he crosses the Stage; Fag follows, looking after him.

Fag. What ! Thomas ! sure 'tis he ? — What !
 Thomas ! Thomas !

Thos. Hey !—Odd 's life ! Mr Fag !—give us
 your hand, my old fellow-servant.

Fag. Excuse my glove, Thomas :—I 'm devilish
 glad to see you, my lad. Why, my prince of
 charioteers, you look as hearty—but who the
 deuce thought of seeing you in Bath ?

Thos. Sure, master, Madam Julia, Harry, Mrs
 Kate, and the postillion, be all come.

10

* Pointing to Tragedy.

The Rivals

Act I. Sc. i.

Fag. Indeed!

Thos. Ay, master thought another fit of the gout
was coming to make him a visit;—so he'd a
mind to gi't the slip, and whip! we were all
off at an hour's warning.

Fag. Ay, ay, hasty in every thing, or it would not
be Sir Anthony Absolute!

Thos. But tell us, Mr Fag, how does young master?
Odd! Sir Anthony will stare to see the Captain
here!

20

Fag. I do not serve Captain Absolute now.

Thos. Why sure!

Fag. At present I am employed by Ensign
Beverley.

Thos. I doubt, Mr Fag, you ha'n't changed for the
better.

Fag. I have not changed, Thomas.

Thos. No! Why, didn't you say you had left young
master?

Fag. No.—Well, honest Thomas, I must puzzle
you no farther:—briefly then—Captain Abso-
lute and Ensign Beverley are one and the same
person.

30

Thos. The devil they are!

Fag. So it is indeed, Thomas; and the ensign half

of my master being on guard at present—the captain has nothing to do with me.

Thos. So, so!—What, this is some freak, I warrant!
—Do tell us, Mr Fag, the meaning o't—you know I ha' trusted you.

40

Fag. You'll be secret, Thomas?

Thos. As a coach-horse.

Fag. Why then the cause of all this is—Love,— Love, Thomas, who, (as you may get read to you,) has been a masquerader ever since the days of Jupiter.

Thos. Ay, ay;—I guessed there was a lady in the case:—but pray, why does your master pass only for ensign?—Now if he had shammed general indeed—

50

Fag. Ah! Thomas, there lies the mystery o' the matter. Hark'ee, Thomas, my master is in love with a lady of a very singular taste: a lady who likes him better as a half pay ensign than if she knew he was son and heir to Sir Anthony Absolute, a baronet of three thousand a year.

Thos. That is an odd taste indeed!—But has she got the stuff, Mr Fag? Is she rich, hey?

Fag. Rich!—Why, I believe she owns half the

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Act I. Sc. I.

stocks! Zounds! Thomas, she could pay the national debt as easily as I could my washer-woman! She has a lapdog that eats out of gold,—she feeds her parrot with small pearls,—and all her thread-papers are made of bank-notes.

Thos. Bravo, faith!—Odd! I warrant she has a set of thousands at least:—but does she draw kindly with the captain?

Fag. As fond as pigeons.

Thos. May one hear her name? 7•

Fag. Miss Lydia Languish.—But there is an old tough aunt in the way; though, by the by, she has never seen my master—for we got acquainted with miss while on a visit in Gloucestershire.

Thos. Well—I wish they were once harnessed together in matrimony.—But pray, Mr Fag, what kind of a place is this Bath?—I ha' heard a deal of it—here's a mort o' merry-making, hey?

Fag. Pretty well, Thomas, pretty well—'tis a good lounge; in the morning we go to the pump-room (though neither my master nor I drink the waters); after breakfast we saunter on the parades, or play a game at billiards; at night we dance; but damn the place, I'm tired of

it : their regular hours stupify me—not a fiddle nor a card after eleven!—However, Mr Faulkland's gentleman and I keep it up a little in private parties ;—I'll introduce you there, Thomas—you'll like him much.

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Thos. Sure I know Mr Du-Peigne—you know his master is to marry Madam Julia.

Fag. I had forgot.—But, Thomas, you must polish a little—indeed you must.—Here now—this wig !—What the devil do you do with a wig, Thomas ?—None of the London whips of any degree of *ton* wear wigs now.

Thos. More's the pity ! more's the pity, I say.— Odd's life ! when I heard how the lawyers and doctors had took to their own hair, I thought 100 how 'twould go next :—odd rabbit it ! when the fashion had got foot on the bar, I guessed 'twould mount to the box !—but 'tis all out of character, believe me, Mr Fag : and look'ee, I'll never gi' up mine—the lawyers and doctors may do as they will.

Fag. Well, Thomas, we'll not quarrel about that.

Thos. Why, bless you, the gentlemen of the professions ben't all of a mind—for in our village now, thoff Jack Gauge, the exciseman,

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The Rivals

Act I. Sc. ii.

has ta'en to his carrots, there's little Dick the farrier swears he'll never forsake his bob, though all the college should appear with their own heads!

Fag. Indeed! well said, Dick!—But hold—mark! mark! Thomas.

Thos. Zooks! 'tis the captain.—Is that the lady with him?

Fag. No, no, that is Madam Lucy, my master's mistress's maid. They lodge at that house— 120 but I must after him to tell him the news.

Thos. Odd! he's giving her money!—Well, Mr Fag—

Fag. Good-bye, Thomas. I have an appointment in Gyde's Porch this evening at eight; meet me there, and we'll make a little party.

[*Exeunt severally.*

Scene II.

A Dressing-room in Mrs Malaprop's Lodgings.

Lydia sitting on a sofa, with a book in her hand. Lucy, as just returned from a message.

Lucy. Indeed, ma'am, I traversed half the town in search of it: I don't believe there's

a circulating library in Bath I ha'n't been at.

Lyd. And could not you get *The Reward of Constancy*?

Lucy. No, indeed, ma'am.

Lyd. Nor *The Fatal Connexion*?

Lucy. No, indeed, ma'am.

Lyd. Nor *The Mistakes of the Heart*? 10

Lucy. Ma'am, as ill luck would have it, Mr Bull said Miss Sukey Saunter had just fetched it away.

Lyd. Heigh-ho!—Did you inquire for *The Delicate Distress*?

Lucy. Or, *The Memoirs of Lady Woodford*? Yes, indeed, ma'am. I asked every where for it; and I might have brought it from Mr Frederick's, but Lady Slattern Lounger, who had just sent it home, had so soiled and dog-eared it, it wa'n't fit for a Christian to read. 20

Lyd. Heigh-ho!—Yes, I always know when Lady Slattern has been before me. She has a most observing thumb; and, I believe, cherishes her nails for the convenience of making marginal notes.—Well, child, what have you brought me?

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Lucy. Oh! here, ma'am.—[Taking books from under her cloak, and from her pockets.] This is *The Gordian Knot*,—and this *Peregrine Pickle*. 30 Here are *The Tears of Sensibility*, and *Humphrey Clinker*. •This is *The Memoirs of a Lady of Quality*, written by herself, and here the second volume of *The Sentimental Journey*.

Lyd. Heigh-ho!—What are those books by the glass?

Lucy. The great one is only *The Whole Duty of Man*, where I press a few blonds, ma'am.

Lyd. Very well—give me the sal volatile.

Lucy. Is it in a blue cover, ma'am?

46

Lyd. My smelling-bottle, you simpleton!

Lucy. Oh, the drops!—here, ma'am.

Lyd. Hold!—here's some one coming—quick, see who it is.—[Exit Lucy.] Surely I heard my cousin Julia's voice.

Re-enter Lucy.

Lucy. Lud! ma'am, here is Miss Melville.

Lyd. Is it possible!—

[Exit Lucy.]

Enter Julia.

Lyd. My dearest Julia, how delighted am I!—

[*Embrace.*] How unexpected was this happiness!

50

Jul. True, Lydia—and our pleasure is the greater.—But what has been the matter?—you were denied to me at first!

Lyd. Ah, Julia, I have a thousand things to tell you!—But first inform me what has conjured you to Bath?—Is Sir Anthony here?

Jul. He is—we are arrived within this hour!—and I suppose he will be here to wait on Mrs Malaprop as soon as he is dressed.

Lyd. Then before we are interrupted, let me impart to you some of my distress!—I know your gentle nature will sympathize with me, though your prudence may condemn me! My letters have informed you of my whole connection with Beverley; but I have lost him, Julia! My aunt has discovered our intercourse by a note she intercepted, and has confined me ever since! Yet, would you believe it? she has absolutely fallen in love with a tall Irish baronet she met one night since we have been here, at Lady Macshuffle's rout.

60

70

Jul. You jest, Lydia!

Lyd. No, upon my word.—She really carries on a

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kind of correspondence with him, under a feigned name though, till she chooses to be known to him ; —but it is a Delia or a Celia, I assure you.

Jul. Then, surely, she is now more indulgent to her niece. *

Lyd. Quite the contrary. Since she has discovered her own frailty, she is become more suspicious of mine. Then I must inform you of another plague !—That odious Acres is to be in Bath to-day ; so that I protest I shall be teased out of all spirits ! 80

Jul. Come, come, Lydia, hope for the best—Sir Anthony shall use his interest with Mrs Mala-prop.

Lyd. But you have not heard the worst. Unfortunately I had quarrelled with my poor Beverley, just before my aunt made the discovery, and I have not seen him since, to make it up. 90

Jul. What was his offence ?

Lyd. Nothing at all!—But, I don't know how it was, as often as we had been together, we had never had a quarrel, and, somehow, I was afraid he would never give me an opportunity. So, last Thursday, I wrote a letter to myself, to inform myself that Beverley was at that

time paying his addresses to another woman. I signed it *your friend unknown*, showed it to 100 Beverley, charged him with his falsehood, put myself in a violent passion, and vowed I'd never see him more.

Jul. And you let him depart so, and have not seen him since?

Lyd. 'Twas the next day my aunt found the matter out. I intended only to have teased him three days and a half, and now I've lost him for ever.

Jul. If he is as deserving and sincere as you have represented him to me, he will never give you 110 up so. Yet consider, Lydia, you tell me he is but an ensign, and you have thirty thousand pounds.

Lyd. But you know I lose most of my fortune if I marry without my aunt's consent, till of age; and that is what I have determined to do, ever since I knew the penalty. Nor could I love the man who would wish to wait a day for the alternative.

Jul. Nay, this is caprice!

Lyd. What, does Julia tax me with caprice?—I thought her lover Faulkland had inured her to it.

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Jul. I do not love even his faults.

Lyd. But apropos—you have sent to him, I suppose?

Jul. Not yet, upon my word—nor has he the least idea of my being in Bath. Sir Anthony's resolution was so sudden, I could not inform him of it.

130

Lyd. Well, Julia, you are your own mistress, (though under the protection of Sir Anthony,) yet have you, for this long year, been a slave to the caprice, the whim, (the jealousy of this ungrateful Faulkland, who will ever delay assuming the right of a husband, while you suffer him to be equally imperious as a lover.)

Jul. Nay, you are wrong entirely. We were contracted before my father's death. That, and some consequent embarrassments, have delayed 140 what I know to be my Faulkland's most ardent wish. He is too generous to trifle on such a point:—and for his character, you wrong him there too. No, Lydia, ~~he~~ is too proud, too noble to be jealous; if he is captious, 'tis without dissembling; if fretful, without rudeness. Unused to the fopperies of love, he is negligent of the little duties expected from a lover—but

being unhackneyed in the passion, his affection is ardent and sincere ; and as it engrosses his 150 whole soul, he expects every thought and emotion of his mistress to move in unison with his. Yet, though his pride calls for this full return, his humility makes him undervalue those qualities in him which would entitle him to it ; and not feeling why he should be loved to the degree he wishes, he still suspects that he is not loved enough. (This temper, I must own, has cost me many unhappy hours;) but I have learned to think myself his debtor, for those imperfec- 160 tions which arise from the ardour of his attachment.

Lyd. Well, I cannot blame you for defending him. But tell me candidly, Julia, had he never saved your life, do you think you should have been attached to him as you are ?—Believe me, the rude blast that overset your boat was a prosperous gale of love to him.

Jul. Gratitude may have strengthened my attachment to Mr Faulkland, but I loved him before he 170 had preserved me ; yet surely that alone were an obligation sufficient.

Lyd. Obligation ! why a water spaniel would have

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done as much!—Well, I should never think
of giving my heart to a man because he could
swim.

Jul. Come, Lydia, you are too inconsiderate.

Lyd. Nay, I do but jest.—What's here?

Re-enter Lucy in a hurry.

Lucy. O ma'am, here is Sir Anthony Absolute just
come home with your aunt.

180

Lyd. They'll not come here.—Lucy, do you
watch. *[Exit Lucy.]*

Jul. Yet I must go. Sir Anthony does not know
I am here, and if we meet, he'll detain me,
to show me the town. I'll take another oppor-
tunity of paying my respects to Mrs Malaprop,
when she shall treat me ~~as long as she chooses,~~
with her select words so ingeniously misapplied,
without being mispronounced.)

Re-enter Lucy.

Lucy. O Lud! ma'am, they are both coming up- 190
stairs.

Lyd. Well, I'll not detain you, coz.—Adieu, my
dear Julia, I'm sure you are in haste to send
to Faulkland.—There—through my room
you'll find another staircase.

Jul. Adieu ! [Embraces Lydia and exit.

Lyd. Here, my dear Lucy, hide these books. Quick, quick.—Fling *Peregrine Pickle* under the toilet—throw *Roderick Random* into the closet—put *The Innocent Adultery* into *The 200 Whole Duty of Man*—thrust *Lord Annworth* under the sofa—cram *Ovid* behind the bolster—there—put *The Man of Feeling* into your pocket—so, so—now lay *Mrs Chapone* in sight, and leave *Fordyce's Sermons* open on the table.

Lucy. O burn it, ma'am ! the hairdresser has torn away as far as *Proper Pride*.

Lyd. Never mind—open at *Sobriety*.—Fling me *Lord Chesterfield's Letters*.—Now for 'em.

[Exit Lucy.]

Enter *Mrs Malaprop*, and *Sir Anthony Absolute*.

Mrs Mal. There, Sir Anthony, there sits the 210 deliberate simpleton who wants to disgrace her family, and lavish herself on a fellow not worth a shilling.

Lyd. Madam, I thought you once—

Mrs Mal. You thought, miss ! I don't know any business you have to think at all—thought does not become a young woman. But the point

we would request of you is, that you will promise to forget this fellow—to illiterate him, I say, quite from your memory.

220

Lyd. Ah, madam! four memories are independent of our wills. It is not so easy to forget.)

Mrs Mal. But I say it is, miss; there is nothing on earth so easy as to forget, if a person chooses to set about it. I'm sure I have as much forgot your poor dear uncle as if he had never existed—and I thought it my duty so to do; and let me tell you, Lydia, these violent memories don't become a young woman.

Sir Anth. Why sure she won't pretend to remember 230 what she's ordered not!—ay, this comes of her reading!

Lyd. What crime, madam, have I committed, to be treated thus?

Mrs Mal. Now don't attempt to extirpate yourself from the matter; you know I have proof controvertible of it.—But tell me, will you promise to do as you're bid? Will you take a husband of your friends' choosing?

Lyd. Madam, (I must tell you plainly, that had I 240 no preference for any one else, the choice you have made would be my aversion.

I would never let her meddle with Greek, or Hebrew, or algebra, or simony, or fluxions, or paradoxes, or such inflammatory branches of learning—neither would it be necessary for her to handle any of your mathematical, astronomical, diabolical instruments.—But, Sir Anthony, I would send her, at nine years old, to a boarding - school, in order to learn a little 300 ingenuity and artifice. Then, sir, she should have a supercilious knowledge in accounts;—and as she grew up, I would have her instructed in geometry, that she might know something of the contagious countries;—but above all, Sir Anthony, she should be mistress of orthodoxy, that she might not mis-spell, and mis-pronounce words so shamefully as girls usually do; and likewise that she might reprehend the true meaning of what she is saying. This, Sir 310 Anthony, is what I would have a woman know;—and I don't think there is a superstitious article in it.

Sir Anth. Well, well, Mrs Malaprop, I will dispute the point no further with you; though I must confess, that you are a truly moderate and polite arguer, for almost every third word you

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Act I. Sc. ii.

say is on my side of the question. But, Mrs Malaprop, to the more important point in debate—you say you have no objection to my proposal?

Mrs Mal. None, I assure you. I am under no positive engagement with Mr Acres, and as Lydia is so obstinate against him, perhaps your son may have better success.

Sir Anth. Well, madam, I will write for the boy directly. He knows not a syllable of this yet, though I have for some time had the proposal in my head. He is at present with his regiment.

Mrs Mal. We have never seen your son, Sir Anthony; but I hope no objection on his side.

330

Sir Anth. Objection!—let him object if he dare!

—No, no, Mrs Malaprop, Jack knows that the least demur puts me in a frenzy directly. My process was always very simple—in their younger days, 'twas “Jack, do this;”—if he demurred, I knocked him down—and if he grumbled at that, I always sent him out of the room.

340

Mrs Mal. Ay, and the properest way, o' my conscience! — nothing is so conciliating to

young people as severity.—Well, Sir Anthony, I shall give Mr Acres his discharge, and prepare Lydia to receive your son's invocations; —and I hope you will represent her to the captain as an object not altogether illegible.

Sir Anth. Madam, I will handle the subject prudently.—Well, I must leave you; and let me beg you, Mrs Malaprop, to enforce this 350 matter roundly to the girl.—Take my advice —keep a tight hand: if she rejects this proposal, clap her under lock and key; and if you were just to let the servants forget to bring her dinner for three or four days, you can't conceive how she'd come about. [Exit.]

Mrs Mal. Well, at any rate I shall be glad to get her from under my intuition. She has somehow discovered my partiality for Sir Lucius O'Trigger—sure, Lucy can't have betrayed 360 me!—No, the girl is such a simpleton, I should have made her confess it.—Lucy!—Lucy!— [Calls.] Had she been one of your artificial ones, I should never have trusted her.

Re-enter Lucy.

Lucy. Did you call, ma'am?

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Act I. Sc. ii.

Mrs Mal. Yes, girl.—Did you see Sir Lucius while you was out?

Lucy. No, indeed, ma'am, not a glimpse of him.

Mrs Mal. You are sure, Lucy, that you never mentioned—

370

Lucy. Oh gemini! I'd sooner cut my tongue out.

Mrs Mal. Well, don't let your simplicity be imposed on.

Lucy. No, ma'am.

Mrs Mal. So, come to me presently, and I'll give you another letter to Sir Lucius; but mind, Lucy—if ever you betray what you are entrusted with (unless it be other people's secrets to me), you forfeit my malevolence for ever; and your being a simpleton shall be no excuse for your locality.

380 [Exit.]

Lucy. Ha! ha! ha!—So, my dear Simplicity, let me give you a little respite.—[Altering her manner.] Let girls in my station be as fond as they please of appearing expert and knowing in their trusts; commend me to a mask of silliness, and a pair of sharp eyes for my own interest under it!—Let me see to what account have I turned my simplicity lately.—

[Looks at a paper.] For abetting Miss Lydia

390

Languish in a design of running away with an ensign!—in money, sundry times, twelve pound twelve; gowns, five; hats, ruffles, caps, &c. &c., numberless!—From the said ensign, within this last month, six guineas and a half.—About a quarter's pay! — Item, from Mrs Malaprop, for betraying the young people to her—when I found matters were likely to be discovered—two guineas, and a black paduasoy.—Item, from Mr Acres, for carrying divers 400 letters—which I never delivered—two guineas, and a pair of buckles.—Item, from Sir Lucius O'Trigger, three crowns, two gold pocket-pieces, and a silver snuff-box!—Well done, Simplicity! — Yet I was forced to make my Hibernian believe, that he was corresponding, not with the aunt, but with the niece: for though not over rich, I found he had too much pride and delicacy to sacrifice the feelings of a gentleman to the necessities of his fortune. [Exit. 41C



Act Second.

Scene I.

Captain Absolute's Lodgings.

Captain Absolute and Fag.

Fag. Sir, while I was there Sir Anthony came in :
I told him, you had sent me to inquire after
his health, and to know if he was at leisure to
see you.

Abs. And what did he say, on hearing I was at
Bath ?

Fag. Sir, in my life I never saw an elderly gentle-
man more astonished ! He started back two
or three paces, rapped out a dozen interjectural
oaths, and asked, what the devil had brought 10
you here.

Abs. Well, sir, and what did you say ?

Fag. Oh, I lied, sir—I forget the precise lie ; but
you may depend on't, he got no truth from
me. Yet, with submission, for fear of blunders
in future, I should be glad to fix what has
brought us to Bath ; in order that we may lie

a little consistently. Sir Anthony's servants were curious, sir, very curious indeed.

Abs. You have said nothing to them?

20

Fag. Oh, not a word, sir—not a word! Mr Thomas, indeed, the coachman (whom I take to be the discreetest of whips)—

Abs. 'Sdeath!—you rascal! you have not trusted him!

Fag. Oh, no, sir—no—no—not a syllable, upon my veracity!—He was, indeed, a little inquisitive; but I was sly, sir—devilish sly! My master (said I), honest Thomas (you know, sir, one says honest to one's inferiors,) is come to Bath to recruit—Yes, sir, I said to recruit—and whether for men, money, or constitution, you know, sir, is nothing to him, nor any one else.

30

Abs. Well, recruit will do—let it be so.

Fag. Oh, sir, recruit will do surprisingly—indeed, to give the thing an air, I told Thomas, that your honour had already enlisted five disbanded chairmen, seven minority waiters, and thirteen billiard-markers.

40

Abs. You blockhead, never say more than is necessary.

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Fag. I beg pardon, sir—I beg pardon—but, with submission, a lie is nothing unless one supports it. Sir, whenever I draw on my invention for a good current lie, I always forge indorsements as well as the bill.

Abs. Well, take care you don't hurt your credit, by offering too much security.—Is Mr Faulkland returned?

50

Fag. He is above, sir, changing his dress.

Abs. Can you tell whether he has been informed of Sir Anthony and Miss Melville's arrival?

Fag. I fancy not, sir; he has seen no one since he came in but his gentleman, who was with him at Bristol.—I think, sir, I hear Mr Faulkland coming down—

Abs. Go, tell him I am here.

Fag. Yes, Sir.—[*Going.*] I beg pardon, sir, but should Sir Anthony call, you will do me the 60 favour to remember that we are recruiting, if you please.

Abs. Well, well.

Fag. And, in tenderness to my character, if your honour could bring in the chairmen and waiters, I should esteem it as an obligation; for though I never scruple a lie to serve my

master, yet it hurts one's conscience to be found out.

[Exit.]

Abs. Now for my whimsical friend—if he does not know that his mistress is here, I'll tease him a little before I tell him—

Enter Faulkland.

Faulkland, you're welcome to Bath again; you are punctual in your return.

Faulk. Yes; I had nothing to detain me, when I had finished the business I went on. Well, what news since I left you? how stand matters between you and Lydia?

Abs. Faith, much as they were; I have not seen her since our quarrel; however, I expect to be recalled every hour.

Faulk. Why don't you persuade her to go off with you at once?

Abs. What, and lose two-thirds of her fortune? you forget that, my friend.—No, no, I could have brought her to that long ago.

Faulk. Nay then, you trifle too long—if you are sure of her, propose to the aunt in your own character, and write to Sir Anthony for his consent.

90

The Rivals

Act II. Sc. L

Abs. Softly, softly; for though I am convinced my little Lydia would elope with me as Ensign Beverley, yet am I by no means certain that she would take me with the impediment of our friends' consent, a regular humdrum wedding, and the reversion of a good fortune on my side: no, no; I must prepare her gradually for the discovery, and make myself necessary to her, before I risk it.—Well, but, Faulkland, you'll dine with us to-day at the 100 hotel?

Faulk. Indeed I cannot; I am not in spirits to be of such a party.

Abs. By heavens! I shall forswear your company. You are the most teasing, captious, incorrigible lover!—Do love like a man.

Faulk. I own I am unfit for company.

Abs. Am not I a lover; ay, and a romantic one too? Yet do I carry every where with me such a confounded farrago of doubts, fears, no hopes, wishes, and all the flimsy furniture of a country miss's brain?

Faulk. Ah! Jack, your heart and soul are not, like mine, fixed immutably on one only object. You throw for a large stake, but losing, you
d

could stake and throw again:—but I have set my sum of happiness on this cast, and not to succeed, were to be stripped of all.

Abs. But, for Heaven's sake! what grounds for apprehension can your whimsical brain conjure up at present? 120

Faulk. What grounds for apprehension, did you say? Heavens! are there not a thousand! I fear for her spirits—her health—her life.—My absence may fret her; her anxiety for my return, her fears for me may oppress her gentle temper: and for her health, does not every hour bring me cause to be alarmed? If it rains, some shower may even then have chilled her delicate frame! If the wind be keen, 130 some rude blast may have affected her! The heat of noon, the dews of the evening, may endanger the life of her, for whom only I value mine. O Jack! when delicate and feeling souls are separated, there is not a feature in the sky, not a movement of the elements, not an aspiration of the breeze, but hints some cause for a lover's apprehension!

Abs. Ay, but we may choose whether we will take the hint or not.—So, then, Faulkland, if you 140

The Rivals

Act II. Sc. i.

were convinced that Julia were well and in spirits, you would be entirely content?

Faulk. I should be happy beyond measure—I am anxious only for that.

Abs. Then to cure your anxiety at once—Miss Melville is in perfect health, and is at this moment in Bath.

Faulk. Nay, Jack—don't trifle with me.

Abs. She is arrived here with my father within this hour.

150

Faulk. Can you be serious?

Abs. I thought you knew Sir Anthony better than to be surprised at a sudden whim of this kind.—Seriously, then, it is as I tell you—upon my honour.

Faulk. My dear friend!—Hollo, Du Peigne! my hat.—My dear Jack—now nothing on earth can give me a moment's uneasiness.

Re-enter Fag.

Fag. Sir, Mr Acres, just arrived, is below.

Abs. Stay, Faulkland, this Acres lives within a mile of Sir Anthony, and he shall tell you how your mistress has been ever since you left her.—

Fag, show the gentleman up. [Exit *Fag.*]

Faulk. What, is he much acquainted in the family?

Abs. Oh, very intimate: I insist on your not going: besides, his character will divert you.

Faulk. Well, I should like to ask him a few questions.

Abs. He is likewise a rival of mine—that is, of my other self's, for he does not think his friend 170 Captain Absolute ever saw the lady in question; and it is ridiculous enough to hear him complain to me of one Beverley, a concealed skulking rival, who—

Faulk. Hush!—he's here.

Enter Acres.

Acres. Ha! my dear friend, noble captain, and honest Jack, how do'st thou? just arrived, faith, as you see.—Sir, your humble servant.— Warm work on the roads, Jack!—Odds whips and wheels! I've travelled like a comet, with 180 a tail of dust all the way as long as the Mall.

Abs. Ah! Bob, you are indeed an eccentric planet, but we know your attraction hither.—Give me leave to introduce Mr Faulkland to you; Mr Faulkland, Mr Acres.

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Act II. Sc. i.

Acres. Sir, I am most heartily glad to see you : sir,
I solicit your connections.—Hey, Jack—what,
this is Mr Faulkland, who—

Abs. Ay, Bob, Miss Melville's Mr Faulkland. 190

Acres. Odso ! she and your father can be but just
arrived before me :—I suppose you have seen
them. Ah ! Mr Faulkland, you are indeed a
happy man.

Faulk. I have not seen Miss Melville yet, sir ;—
I hope she enjoyed full health and spirits in
Devonshire ?

Acres. Never knew her better in my life, sir,—
never better. Odds blushes and blooms ! she
has been as healthy as the German Spa. 200

Faulk. Indeed !—I did hear that she had been a
little indisposed.

Acres. False, false, sir—only said to vex you :
quite the reverse, I assure you.

Faulk. There, Jack, you see she has the advantage
of me ; I had almost fretted myself ill.

Abs. Now are you angry with your mistress for not
having been sick ?

Faulk. No, no, you misunderstand me : yet surely
a little trifling indisposition is not an unnatural 210
consequence of absence from those we love.—

Now confess—isn't there something unkind in
this violent, robust, unfeeling health?

Abs. Oh, it was very unkind of her to be well in
your absence, to be sure!

Acres. Good apartments, Jack.

Faulk. Well, sir, but you was saying that Miss
Melville has been so exceedingly well—what,
then, she has been merry and gay, I suppose?
—Always in spirits—hey? 220

Acres. Merry, odds crickets! she has been the
belle and spirit of the company wherever she
has been—so lively and entertaining! so full
of wit and humour!

Faulk. There, Jack, there.—Oh, by my soul!
there is an innate levity in woman, that nothing
can overcome.—What! happy, and I away!

Abs. Have done.—How foolish this is! just now
you were only apprehensive for your mistress'
spirits. 230

Faulk. Why, Jack, have I been the joy and spirit
of the company?

Abs. No indeed, you have not.

Faulk. Have I been lively and entertaining?

Abs. Oh, upon my word, I acquit you.

Faulk. Have I been full of wit and humour?

The Rivals

Act II. Sc. i.

Abs. No, faith, to do you justice, you have been confoundedly stupid indeed.

Acres. What's the matter with the gentleman?

Abs. He is only expressing his great satisfaction at 240 hearing that Julia has been so well and happy —that's all—hey, Faulkland?

Faulk. Oh! I am rejoiced to hear it—yes, yes, she has a happy disposition!

Acres. That she has indeed.—Then she is so accomplished—so sweet a voice—so expert at her harpsichord—such a mistress of flat and sharp, squallante, rumblante, and quiverante!—There was this time month—odds minims and crochets! how she did chirrup at Mrs Piano's 250 concert!

Faulk. There again, what say you to this? you see she has been all mirth and song—not a thought of me!

Abs. Pho! man, is not music the food of love?

Faulk. Well, well, it may be so.—Pray, Mr —, what's his damned name?—Do you remember what songs Miss Melville sung?

Acres. Not I indeed.

Abs. Stay, now, they were some pretty melancholy 260 purling-stream airs, I warrant; perhaps you may

recollect;—did she sing, *When absent from my soul's delight?*

Acres. No, that wa'n't it.

Abs. Or, *Go, gentle gales!*

[*Sings.*]

Acres. Oh, no! nothing like it. Odds! now I recollect one of them—*My heart's my own, my will is free.*

[*Sings.*]

Faulk. Fool! fool that I am! to fix all my happiness on such a trifler! 'Sdeath! to make 270 herself the pipe and balladmonger of a circle! to soothe her light heart with catches and glees! —What can you say to this, sir?

Abs. Why, that I should be glad to hear my mistress had been so merry, sir.

Faulk. Nay, nay, nay—I'm not sorry that she has been happy—no, no, I am glad of that—I would not have had her sad or sick—yet surely a sympathetic heart would have shown itself even in the choice of a song—she might have 280 been temperately healthy, and somehow, plainly gay;—but she has been dancing too, I doubt not!

Acres. What does the gentleman say about dancing?

Abs. He says the lady we speak of dances as well as she sings.

The Rivals

Act II. Sc. i.

Acres. Ay, truly, does she—there was at our last race ball—

Faulk. Hell and the devil ! There !—there—I told you so ! I told you so ! Oh ! she thrives 290 in my absence !—Dancing ! but her whole feelings have been in opposition with mine ;—I have been anxious, silent, pensive, sedentary—my days have been hours of care, my nights of watchfulness.—She has been all health ! spirit ! laugh ! song ! dance !—Oh ! damned, damned levity !

Abs. For Heaven's sake, Faulkland, don't expose yourself so !—Suppose she has danced, what then ?—does not the ceremony of society often 300 oblige—

Faulk. Well, well, I 'll contain myself—perhaps as you say—for form sake.—What, Mr Acres, you were praising Miss Melville's manner of dancing a minuet—hey ?

Acres. Oh, I dare insure her for that—but what I was going to speak of was her country-dancing. Odds swimmings ! she has such an air with her !

Faulk. Now disappointment on her !—Defend this, Absolute ; why don't you defend this ?— 310 Country-dances ! jigs and reels ! am I to

blame now? A minuet I could have forgiven—I should not have minded that—I say I should not have regarded a minuet—but country-dances!—Zounds! had she made one in a cotillon—I believe I could have forgiven even that—but to be monkey-led for a night!—to run the gauntlet through a string of amorous palming puppies!—to show paces like a managed filly!—Oh, Jack, there never can 320 be but one man in the world whom a truly modest and delicate woman ought to pair with in a country-dance; and, even then, the rest of the couples should be her great-uncles and aunts!

Abs. Ay, to be sure!—grandfathers and grandmothers!

Faulk. If there be but one vicious mind in the set, 'twill spread like a contagion—the action of their pulse beats to the lascivious movement of 330 the jig—their quivering, warm-breathed sighs impregnate the very air—the atmosphere becomes electrical to love, and each amorous spark darts through every link of the chain!—I must leave you—I own I am somewhat flurried—and that confounded looby has perceived it. [Going.

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Abs. Nay, but stay, Faulkland, and thank Mr Acres
for his good news.

Faulk. Damn his news! [Exit.

Abs. Ha! ha! ha! poor Faulkland five minutes 340
since—"nothing on earth could give him a
moment's uneasiness!"

Acres. The gentleman wa'n't angry at my praising
his mistress, was he?

Abs. A little jealous, I believe, Bob.

Acres. You don't say so? Ha! ha! jealous of
me—that's a good joke.

Abs. There's nothing strange in that, Bob; let me
tell you, that sprightly grace and insinuating
manner of yours will do some mischief among 350
the girls here.

Acres. Ah! you joke—ha! ha! mischief—ha! ha!
but you know I am not my own property, my
dear Lydia has forestalled me. She could
never abide me in the country, because I
used to dress so badly—but odds frogs and
tambours! I shan't take matters so here,
now ancient madam has no voice in it,
I'll make my old clothes know who's
master. I shall straightway cashier the hunt- 360
ing-frock, and render my leather breeches

incapable. My hair has been in training some time.

Abs. Indeed!

Acres. Ay—and thoff the side curls are a little restive, my hind-part takes it very kindly.

Abs. Oh, you'll polish, I doubt not.

Acres. Absolutely I propose so—then if I can find out this Ensign Beverley, odds triggers and flints! I'll make him know the difference o't. 370

Abs. Spoke like a man! But pray, Bob, I observe you have got an odd kind of a new method of swearing—

Acres. Ha! ha! you've taken notice of it—'tis genteel, isn't it!—I didn't invent it myself though; but a commander in our militia, a great scholar, I assure you, says that there is no meaning in the common oaths, and that nothing but their antiquity makes them respectable;—because, he says, the ancients would 380 never stick to an oath or two, but would say, by Jove! or by Bacchus! or by Mars! or by Venus! or by Pallas, according to the sentiment: so that to swear with propriety, says my little major, the oath should be an echo to the sense; and this we call the *oath referential* or

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sentimental swearing — ha! ha! 'tis genteel,
isn't it?

Abs. Very genteel, and very new, indeed! — and I
dare say will supplant all other figures of 390
imprecation.

Acres. Ay, ay, the best terms will grow obsolete—
Dams have had their day.

Re-enter Fag.

Fag. Sir, there is a gentleman below desires to see
you.—Shall I show him into the parlour?

Abs. Ay, you may.

Acres. Well, I must be gone—

Abs. Stay; who is it, Fag?

Fag. Your father, sir.

Abs. You puppy, why didn't you show him up 400
directly? [Exit *Fag.*]

Acres. You have business with Sir Anthony.—I
expect a message from Mrs Malaprop at my
lodgings. I have sent also to my dear friend
Sir Lucius O'Trigger. Adieu, Jack! we
must meet at night, when you shall give me a
dozen bumpers to little Lydia.

Abs. 'That I will with all my heart.—[Exit *Acres.*] Now for a parental lecture—I hope he has

heard nothing of the business that has brought 410
me here—I wish the gout had held him fast in
Devonshire, with all my soul!

Enter Sir Anthony Absolute.

Sir, I am delighted to see you here, looking so
well! your sudden arrival at Bath made me
apprehensive for your health.

Sir Anth. Very apprehensive, I dare say, Jack.—
What, you are recruiting here, hey?

Abs. Yes, sir, I am on duty.

Sir Anth. Well, Jack, I am glad to see you, though
I did not expect it, for I was going to write to 420
you on a little matter of business.—Jack, I
have been considering that I grow old and in-
firm, and shall probably not trouble you long.

Abs. Pardon me, sir, I never saw you look more
strong and hearty; and I pray frequently that
you may continue so.

Sir Anth. I hope your prayers may be heard, with
all my heart. Well then, Jack, I have been
considering that I am so strong and hearty I
may continue to plague you a long time. Now, 430
Jack, I am sensible that the income of your
commission, and what I have hitherto allowed

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you, is but a small pittance for a lad of your spirit.

Abs. Sir, you are very good.

Sir Anth. And it is my wish, while yet I live, to have my boy make some figure in the world. I have resolved, therefore, to fix you at once in a noble independence.

Abs. Sir, your kindness overpowers me — such 440 generosity makes the gratitude of reason more lively than the sensations even of filial affection.

Sir Anth. I am glad you are so sensible of my attention—and you shall be master of a large estate in a few weeks.

Abs. Let my future life, sir, speak my gratitude; I cannot express the sense I have of your munificence.—Yet, sir, I presume you would not wish me to quit the army?

Sir Anth. Oh, that shall be as your wife chooses. 450

Abs. My wife, sir!

Sir Anth. Ay, ay, settle that between you—settle that between you.

Abs. A wife, sir, did you say?

Sir Anth. Ay, a wife—why, did not I mention her before?

Abs. Not a word of her, sir.

Sir Anth. Odd so!—I mustn't forget her though.

—Yes, Jack, the independence I was talking of is by a marriage—the fortune is saddled 460 with a wife—but I suppose that makes no difference.

Abs. Sir! sir!—you amaze me!

Sir Anth. Why, what the devil's the matter with the fool? Just now you were all gratitude and duty.

Abs. I was, sir,—you talked to me of independence and a fortune, but not a word of a wife.

Sir Anth. Why—what difference does that make?

Odds life, sir! if you have the estate, you must 470 take it with the live stock on it, as it stands.

Abs. If my happiness is to be the price, I must beg leave to decline the purchase.—Pray, sir, who is the lady?

Sir Anth. What's that to you, sir?—Come, give me your promise to love, and to marry her directly.

Abs. Sure, sir, this is not very reasonable, to summon my affections for a lady I know nothing of!

Sir Anth. I am sure, sir, 'tis more unreasonable in 480 you to object to a lady you know nothing of.

Abs. Then, sir, I must tell you plainly that my

inclinations are fixed on another—my heart is engaged to an angel.

Sir Anth. Then pray let it send an excuse. It is very sorry—but business prevents its waiting on her.

Abs. But my vows are pledged to her.

Sir Anth. Let her foreclose, Jack ; let her foreclose ; they are not worth redeeming ; besides, you 490 have the angel's vows in exchange, I suppose ; so there can be no loss there.

Abs. You must excuse me, sir, if I tell you, once for all, that in this point I cannot obey you.

Sir Anth. Hark'ee, Jack ; I have heard you for some time with patience—I have been cool—quite cool ; but take care—you know I am compliance itself—when I am not thwarted ;—no one more easily led—when I have my own way ;—but don't put me in a frenzy. 500

Abs. Sir, I must repeat it—in this I cannot obey you.

Sir Anth. Now damn me ! if ever I call you Jack again while I live !

Abs. Nay, sir, but hear me.

Sir Anth. Sir, I won't hear a word—not a word ! not one word ! so give me your promise by a

nod—and I'll tell you what, Jack—I mean,
you dog—if you don't, by—

Abs. What, sir, promise to link myself to some mass 510
of ugliness! to—

Sir Anth. Zounds! sirrah! the lady shall be as
ugly as I choose: she shall have a lump on
each shoulder; she shall be as crooked as the
crescent; her one eye shall roll like the bull's
in Cox's Museum; she shall have a skin like
a mummy, and the beard of a Jew—she shall
be all this, sirrah!—yet I will make you ogle
her all day, and sit up all night to write sonnets
on her beauty. 520

Abs. This is reason and moderation indeed!

Sir Anth. None of your sneering, puppy! no grin-
ning, jackanapes!

Abs. Indeed, sir, I never was in a worse humour for
mirth in my life.

Sir Anth. 'Tis false, sir, I know you are laughing
in your sleeve; I know you'll grin when I am
gone, sirrah!

Abs. Sir, I hope I know my duty better.

Sir Anth. None of your passion, sir! none of your 530
violence, if you please!—It won't do with me,
I promise you.

Abs. Indeed, sir, I never was cooler in my life.

Sir Anth. 'Tis a confounded lie!—I know you are
in a passion in your heart; I know you are,
you hypocritical young dog! but it won't do.

Abs. Nay, sir, upon my word—

Sir Anth. So you will fly out! can't you be cool
like me? What the devil good can passion
do?—Passion is of no service, you impudent, 540
insolent, overbearing reprobate!—There, you
sneer again! don't provoke me!—but you rely
upon the mildness of my temper—you do, you
dog! you play upon the meekness of my dis-
position!—Yet take care—the patience of a
saint may be overcome at last!—but mark! I
give you six hours and a half to consider of
this: if you then agree, without any condition,
to do everything on earth that I choose, why—
confound you! I may in time forgive you.—If 550
not, zounds! don't enter the same hemisphere
with me! don't dare to breathe the same air,
or use the same light with me; but get an
atmosphere and a sun of your own! I'll strip
you of your commission; I'll lodge a five-and-
threepence in the hands of trustees, and you
shall live on the interest.—I'll disown you,

I'll disinherit you, I'll unget you! and damn me! if ever I call you Jack again! [Exit.]

Abs. Mild, gentle, considerate father—I kiss your 560 hands! What a tender method of giving his opinion in these matters Sir Anthony has! I dare not trust him with the truth.—I wonder what old wealthy hag it is that he wants to bestow on me!—Yet he married himself for love! and was in his youth a bold intriguer, and a gay companion!

Re-enter Fag.

Fag. Assuredly, sir, your father is wrath to a degree; he comes down stairs eight or ten steps at a time—muttering, growling, and thumping the 570 banisters all the way: I and the cook's dog stand bowing at the door—rap! he gives me a stroke on the head with his cane; bids me carry that to my master; then kicking the poor turnspit into the area, damns us all, for a puppy triumvirate!—Upon my credit, sir, were I in your place, and found my father such very bad company, I should certainly drop his acquaintance.

Abs. Cease your impertinence, sir, at present.—Did 580

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Act II. Sc. ii.

you come in for nothing more?—Stand out of
the way! [Pushes him aside and exit.]

Fag. So! Sir Anthony trims my master: he is
afraid to reply to his father—then vents his
spleen on poor Fag! When one is vexed by
one person, to revenge one's self on another,
who happens to come in the way, is the vilest
injustice! Ah! it shows the worst temper—
the basest—

Enter Boy.

Boy. Mr Fag; Mr Fag! your master calls you. 590

Fag. Well, you little dirty puppy, you need not
bawl so!—The meanest disposition! the—

Boy. Quick, quick, Mr Fag!

Fag. Quick! quick! you impudent jackanapes! am
I to be commanded by you too? you little
impertinent, insolent, kitchen-bred—

[Exit kicking and beating him.]

Scene II.

The North Parade.

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. So—I shall have another rival to add to my
mistress's list—Captain Absolute. However,

I shall not enter his name till my purse has received notice in form. Poor Acres is dismissed!—Well, I have done him a last friendly office, in letting him know that Beverley was here before him.—Sir Lucius is generally more punctual, when he expects to hear from his *dear Dalia*, as he calls her: I wonder he's not here!—I have a little scruple of conscience 10 from this deceit; though I should not be paid so well, if my hero knew that Delia was near fifty, and her own mistress.

Enter Sir Lucius O'Trigger.

Sir Luc. Ha! my little ambassadress—upon my conscience, I have been looking for you; I have been on the South Parade this half hour.

Lucy. [Speaking simply.] O gemini! and I have been waiting for your worship here on the North.

Sir Luc. Faith!—may be that was the reason we 20 did not meet; and it is very comical too, how you could go out and I not see you—for I was only taking a nap at the Parade Coffee-house, and I chose the window on purpose that I might not miss you.

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Lucy. My stars! Now I'd wager a sixpence I
went by while you were asleep.

Sir Luc. Sure enough it must have been so—and I
never dreamt it was so late, till I waked. Well,
but my little girl, have you got nothing for me? 30

Lucy. Yes, but I have—I've got a letter for you
in my pocket.

Sir Luc. O faith! I guessed you weren't come
empty-handed.—Well—let me see what the
dear creature says.

Lucy. There, Sir Lucius. [Gives him a letter.]

Sir Luc. [Reads.] Sir—*there is often a sudden in-*
centive impulse in love, that has a greater induction
than years of domestic combination: such was the
commotion I felt at the first superfluous view of 40
Sir Lucius O'Trigger.—Very pretty, upon my
word.—Female punctuation forbids me to say
more, yet let me add, that it will give me joy in-
fallible to find Sir Lucius worthy the last criterion
of my affections. DELIA.

Upon my conscience! Lucy, your lady is a
great mistress of language. Faith, she's quite
the queen of the dictionary!—for the devil
a word dare refuse coming at her call—though
one would think it was quite out of hearing. 50

Lucy. Ay, sir, a lady of her experience——

Sir Luc. Experience! what, at seventeen?

Lucy. O true, sir—but then she reads so—my stars! how she will read off hand!

Sir Luc. Faith, she must be very deep read to write this way—though she is rather an arbitrary writer too—for here are a great many poor words pressed into the service of this note, that would get their *babeas corpus* from any court in Christendom.

Lucy. Ah! Sir Lucius, if you were to hear how she talks of you!

Sir Luc. Oh, tell her I'll make her the best husband in the world, and Lady O'Trigger into the bargain.—But we must get the old gentlewoman's consent—and do everything fairly.

Lucy. Nay, Sir Lucius, I thought you wa'n't rich enough to be so nice!

Sir Luc. Upon my word, young woman, you have hit it:—I am so poor, that I can't afford to do a dirty action.—If I did not want money, I'd steal your mistress and her fortune with a great deal of pleasure.—However, my pretty girl, [*Gives her money,*] here's a little something to buy you a ribbon; and meet me in the

The Rivals

Act II. Sc. ii.

evening, and I'll give you an answer to this.
So, hussy, take a kiss beforehand to put you in
mind. [Kisses her.]

Lucy. O Lud ! Sir Lucius—I never seed such a
gemman ! My lady won't like you if you're so
so impudent.

Sir Luc. Faith she will, Lucy !—That same—
pho ! what's the name of it ?—modesty—is a
quality in a lover more praised by the women
than liked ; so, if your mistress asks you
whether Sir Lucius ever gave you a kiss, tell
her fifty—my dear.

Lucy. What, would you have me tell her a lie ?

Sir Luc. Ah, then, you baggage ! I'll make it a
truth presently. 9c

Lucy. For shame now ! here is some one coming.

Sir Luc. Oh, faith, I'll quiet your conscience !

[Exit, humming a tune.]

Enter Fag.

Fag. So, so, ma'am ! I humbly beg pardon.

Lucy. O Lud ! now, Mr Fag—you flurry one
so.

Fag. Come, come, Lucy, here's no one by—so a
little less simplicity, with a grain or two more

sincerity, if you please.—You play false with us, madam—I saw you give the baronet a letter. My master shall know this—and if he don't too call him out, I will.

Lucy. Ha! ha! ha! you gentlemen's gentlemen are so hasty.—That letter was from Mrs Malaprop, simpleton.—She is taken with Sir Lucius's address.

Fag. How! what tastes some people have!—Why, I suppose I have walked by her window a hundred times.—But what says our young lady? any message to my master?

Lucy. Sad news, Mr Fag.—A worse rival than 110 Acres! Sir Anthony Absolute has proposed his son.

Fag. What, Captain Absolute?

Lucy. Even so—I overheard it all.

Fag. Ha! ha! ha! very good, faith. Good bye, Lucy, I must away with this news.

Lucy. Well, you may laugh—but it is true, I assure you.—[Going.] But, Mr Fag, tell your master not to be cast down by this.

Fag. Oh, he'll be so disconsolate!

Lucy. And charge him not to think of quarrelling with young Absolute.

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Act III. Sc. i.

Fag. Never fear! never fear!

Lucy. Be sure—bid him keep up his spirits.

Fag. We will—we will.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Act Third.

Scene I.

The North Parade.

Enter Captain Absolute.

Abs. 'Tis just as Fag told me, indeed. Whimsical enough, faith! My father wants to force me to marry the very girl I am plotting to run away with! He must not know of my connection with her yet awhile. He has too summary a method of proceeding in these matters. However, I'll read my recantation instantly. My conversion is something sudden, indeed—but I can assure him it is very sincere. So, so—here he comes. He looks 10 plaguy gruff.

[*Steps aside.*]

Enter Sir Anthony Absolute.

Sir Anth. No—I'll die sooner than forgive him. Die, did I say? I'll live these fifty years to plague him. At our last meeting, his impudence had almost put me out of temper. An obstinate, passionate, self-willed boy! Who can he take after? This is my return for getting him before all his brothers and sisters!—for putting him, at twelve years old, into a marching regiment, and allowing him 20 fifty pounds a year, besides his pay, ever since! But I have done with him; he's anybody's son for me. I never will see him more, never —never —never.

Abs. [Aside, coming forward.] Now for a penitential face.

Sir Anth. Fellow, get out of my way!

Abs. Sir, you see a penitent before you.

Sir Anth. I see an impudent scoundrel before me.

Abs. A sincere penitent. I am come, sir, to acknowledge my error, and to submit entirely to your will. 30

Sir Anth. What's that?

Abs. I have been revolving, and reflecting, and

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Act III. Sc. 1.

considering on your past goodness, and kindness, and condescension to me.

Sir Anth. Well, sir?

Abs. I have been likewise weighing and balancing what you were pleased to mention concerning duty, and obedience, and authority.

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Sir Anth. Well, puppy?

Abs. Why then, sir, the result of my reflections is —a resolution to sacrifice every inclination of my own to your satisfaction.

Sir Anth. Why now you talk sense—absolute sense—I never heard anything more sensible in my life. Confound you! you shall be Jack again.

Abs. I am happy in the appellation.

Sir Anth. Why then, Jack, my dear Jack, I will now inform you who the lady really is. Nothing but your passion and violence, you silly fellow, prevented my telling you at first. Prepare, Jack, for wonder and rapture—prepare. What think you of Miss Lydia Languish?

Abs. Languish! What, the Languishes of Worcestershire?

Sir Anth. Worcestershire! no. Did you never meet Mrs Malaprop and her niece, Miss

Languish, who came into our country just 60
before you were last ordered to your regiment!

Abs. Malaprop! Languish! I don't remember
ever to have heard the names before. Yet,
stay—I think I do recollect something. Lan-
guish! Languish! She squints, don't she?
A little red-haired girl?

Sir Anth. Squints! A red-haired girl! Zounds! no.

Abs. Then I must have forgot; it can't be the
same person.

Sir Anth. Jack! Jack! what think you of blooming, 7c
love-breathing seventeen?

Abs. As to that, sir, I am quite indifferent. If I
can please you in the matter, 'tis all I desire.

Sir Anth. Nay, but Jack, such eyes! such eyes! so
innocently wild! so bashfully irresolute! not
a glance but speaks and kindles some thought
of love! Then, Jack, her cheeks! her
cheeks, Jack! so deeply blushing at the insinua-
tions of her tell-tale eyes! Then, Jack, her
lips! O Jack, lips smiling at their own dis-
cretion; and if not smiling, more sweetly
pouting; more lovely in sullenness!

Abs. That's she indeed. Well done, old gentle-
man.

[*Aside.*

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Sir Anth. Then, Jack, her neck ! O Jack ! Jack !

Abs. And which is to be mine, sir, the niece, or the aunt ?

Sir Anth. Why, you unfeeling, insensible puppy, I despise you ! When I was of your age, such a description would have made me fly like a rocket ! The aunt indeed ! Odds life ! when I ran away with your mother, I would not have touched anything old or ugly to gain an empire. 90

Abs. Not to please your father, sir ?

Sir Anth. To please my father ! sounds ! not to please—Oh, my father—odd so !—yes—yes ; if my father indeed had desired—that's quite another matter. Though he wa'n't the indulgent father that I am, Jack. 100

Abs. I dare say not, sir.

Sir Anth. But, Jack, you are not sorry to find your mistress is so beautiful ?

Abs. Sir, I repeat it—if I please you in this affair, 'tis all I desire. Not that I think a woman the worse for being handsome ; but, sir, if you please to recollect, you before hinted something about a hump or two, one eye, and a few more graces of that kind—now, without being very

nice, I own I should rather choose a wife of 110 mine to have the usual number of limbs, and a limited quantity of back: and though one eye may be very agreeable, yet as the prejudice has always run in favour of two, I would not wish to affect a singularity in that article.

Sir Anth. What a phlegmatic sot it is! Why, sirrah, you're an anchorite!—a vile, insensible stock. You a soldier!—you're a walking block, fit only to dust the company's regiments on! Odds life! I have a great mind 120 to marry the girl myself.

Abs. I am entirely at your disposal, sir: if you should think of addressing Miss Languish yourself, I suppose you would have me marry the aunt; or if you should change your mind, and take the old lady—'tis the same to me—I'll marry the niece.

Sir Anth. Upon my word, Jack, thou'rt either a very great hypocrite, or—but, come, I know your indifference on such a subject must be all 130 a lie—I'm sure it must—come, now—damn your demure face!—come, confess Jack—you have been lying—ha'n't you? You have been playing the hypocrite, hey!—I'll never forgive

The Rivals ≈

Act III. Sc. ii.

you, if you ha'n't been lying and playing the hypocrite.

Abs. I'm sorry, sir, that the respect and duty which I bear to you should be so mistaken.

Sir Anth. Hang your respect and duty! But come along with me, I'll write a note to Mrs 140 Malaprop, and you shall visit the lady directly. Her eyes shall be the Promethean torch to you —come along, I'll never forgive you, if you don't come back stark mad with rapture and impatience—if you don't, egad, I will marry the girl myself!

[*Exeunt*

Scene II.

Julia's Dressing-room.

Faulkland discovered alone.

Faulk. They told me Julia would return directly; I wonder she is not yet come! How mean does this captious, unsatisfied temper of mine appear to my cooler judgment! Yet I know not that I indulge it in any other point: but on this one subject, and to this one subject,

whom I think I love beyond my life, I am ever ungenerously fretful and madly capricious! I am conscious of it—yet I cannot correct myself! What tender honest joy sparkled in her eyes when we met! how delicate was the warmth of her expressions! I was ashamed to appear less happy—though I had come resolved to wear a face of coolness and upbraiding. Sir Anthony's presence prevented my proposed expostulations: Yet I must be satisfied that she has not been so very happy in my absence. She is coming! Yes!—I know the nimbleness of her tread, when she thinks her impatient Faulkland counts the moments of her stay. 10 20

Enter Julia.

Jul. I had not hoped to see you again so soon.

Faulk. Could I, Julia, be contented with my first welcome—restrained as we were by the presence of a third person?

Jul. O Faulkland, when your kindness can make me thus happy, let me not think that I discovered something of coldness in your first salutation.

Faulk. 'Twas but your fancy, Julia. I was rejoiced 30

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Act III. Sc. ii.

to see you—to see you in such health. Sure
I had no cause for coldness?

Jul. Nay then, I see you have taken something ill.
You must not conceal from me what it is.

Faulk. Well, then—shall I own to you that my joy
at hearing of your health and arrival here, by
your neighbour Acres, was somewhat damped
by his dwelling much on the high spirits you
had enjoyed in Devonshire—on your mirth
—your singing—dancing—and I know not
what! For such is my temper, Julia, that I
should regard every mirthful moment in your
absence as a treason to constancy. The mutual
tear that steals down the cheek of parting
lovers is a compact, that no smile shall live
there till they meet again.

Jul. Must I never cease to tax my Faulkland with
this teasing minute caprice? Can the idle
reports of a silly boor weigh in your breast
against my tried affection?

Faulk. They have no weight with me, Julia: No,
no—I am happy if you have been so—yet only
say, that you did not sing with mirth—say
that you thought of Faulkland in the dance.

Jul. I never can be happy in your absence. If I

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wear a countenance of content, it is to show
that my mind holds no doubt of my Faulkland's
truth. If I seemed sad, it were to make
malice triumph; and say, that I had fixed my
heart on one, who left me to lament his roving,
and my own credulity. Believe me, Faulk-
land, I mean not to upbraid you, when I say,
that I have often dressed sorrow in smiles, lest
my friends should guess whose unkindness had
caused my tears.

Faulk. You were ever all goodness to me. Oh, I
am a brute, when I but admit a doubt of your
true constancy!

Jul. If ever without such cause from you, as I will
not suppose possible, you find my affections
veering but a point, may I become a proverbial
scoff for levity and base ingratitude.

Faulk. Ah! Julia, that last word is grating to me.
I would I had no title to your gratitude!
Search your heart, Julia; perhaps what you
have mistaken for love, is but the warm effusion
of a too thankful heart.

Jul. For what quality must I love you?

Faulk. For no quality! To regard me for any
quality of mind or understanding, were only to

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esteem me. And for person—I have often wished myself deformed, to be convinced that I owed no obligation there for any part of your affection.

Jul. Where nature has bestowed a show of nice attention in the features of a man, he should laugh at it as misplaced. I have seen men, who in this vain article, perhaps, might rank above you; but my heart has never ask'd my eyes if it were so or not.

Faulk. Now this is not well from you, Julia—I despise person in a man—yet if you loved me as I wish, though I were an *Aethiop*, you'd think none so fair.

Jul. I see you are determined to be unkind! The contract which my poor father bound us in gives you more than a lover's privilege.

Faulk. Again, Julia, you raise ideas that feed and justify my doubts. I would not have been more free—no—I am proud of my restraint. 100 Yet—yet—perhaps your high respect alone for this solemn compact has fettered your inclinations, which else had made a worthier choice. How shall I be sure, had you remained unbound in thought and promise, that

I should still have been the object of your persevering love?

Jul. Then try me now. Let us be free as strangers as to what is past: my heart will not feel more liberty! 110

Faulk. There now! so hasty, Julia! so anxious to be free! If your love for me were fixed and ardent, you would not lose your hold, even though I wished it!

Jul. Oh! you torture me to the heart! I cannot bear it.

Faulk. I do not mean to distress you. If I loved you less I should never give you an uneasy moment. But hear me. All my fretful doubts arise from this. Women are not used 120 to weigh and separate the motives of their affections: the cold dictates of prudence, gratitude, or filial duty, may sometimes be mistaken for the pleadings of the heart. I would not boast—yet let me say, that I have neither age, person, nor character, to found dislike on; my fortune such as few ladies could be charged with indiscretion in the match. O Julia! when love receives such countenance from prudence, nice minds will be suspicious of its birth. 130

The Rivals

Act III. Sc. ii.

Jul. I know not whither your insinuations would tend:—but as they seem pressing to insult me, I will spare you the regret of having done so.—I have given you no cause for this!

[*Exit in tears.*]

Faulk. In tears! Stay, Julia: stay but for a moment.—The door is fastened!—Julia!—my soul—but for one moment!—I hear her sobbing!—’Sdeath! what a brute am I to use her thus! Yet stay.—Ay—she is coming now:—how little resolution there is in 140 woman!—how a few soft words can turn them!—No, faith!—she is not coming either.—Why, Julia—my love—say but that you forgive me—come but to tell me that—now this is being too resentful. Stay! she is coming too—I thought she would—no steadiness in any thing: her going away must have been a mere trick then—she sha’n’t see that I was hurt by it.—I ’ll affect indifference—[*Hums a tune: then listens.*] No—zounds! she’s 150 not coming!—nor don’t intend it, I suppose.—This is not steadiness, but obstinacy! Yet I deserve it.—What, after so long an absence to quarrel with her tenderness!—’twas barbar-

ous and unmanly!—I should be ashamed to see her now.—I'll wait till her just resentment is abated—and when I distress her so again, may I lose her for ever, and be linked instead to some antique virago, whose gnawing passions, and long hoarded spleen, shall make me curse ¹⁶⁰ my folly half the day and all the night! [Exit.]

Scene III.

Mrs Malaprop's Lodgings.

Mrs Malaprop, with a letter in her hand, and Captain Absolute.

Mrs Mal. Your being Sir Anthony's son, captain, would itself be a sufficient accommodation; but from the ingenuity of your appearance, I am convinced you deserve the character here given of you.

Abs. Permit me to say, madam, that as I never yet have had the pleasure of seeing Miss Languish, my principal inducement in this affair at present is the honour of being allied to Mrs Malaprop;

of whose intellectual accomplishments, elegant 10
manners, and unaffected learning, no tongue is
silent.

Mrs. Mal. Sir, you do me infinite honour! I beg,
captain, you'll be seated.—[They sit.] Ah!
few gentlemen, now-a-days, know how to
value the ineffectual qualities in a woman! few
think how a little knowledge becomes a gentle-
woman!—Men have no sense now but for the
worthless flower of beauty!

Abs. It is but too true, indeed, ma'am;—yet I fear 20
our ladies should share the blame—they think
our admiration of beauty so great, that know-
ledge in them would be superfluous. Thus,
like garden-trees, they seldom show fruit, till
time has robbed them of the more specious
blossom.—Few, like Mrs. Malaprop and the
orange-tree, are rich in both at once.

Mrs. Mal. Sir, you overpower me with good-breed-
ing.—He is the very pine-apple of politeness!
—You are not ignorant, captain, that this giddy
girl has somehow contrived to fix her affections
on a beggarly, strolling, eaves-dropping ensign,
whom none of us have seen, and nobody knows
anything of.

Abs. Oh, I have heard the silly affair before.—I'm not at all prejudiced against her on that account.

Mrs Mal. You are very good and very considerate, captain. I am sure I have done everything in my power since I exploded the affair; long ago I laid my positive conjunctions on her, never to think on the fellow again;—I have since laid Sir Anthony's preposition before her; but, I am sorry to say, she seems resolved to decline every particle that I enjoin her.

Abs. It must be very distressing, indeed, ma'am.

Mrs Mal. Oh! it gives me the hydrostatics to such a degree!—I thought she had persisted from corresponding with him; but, behold, this very day, I have interceded another letter from the fellow; I believe I have it in my pocket.

Abs. Oh, the devil! my last note.

[*Aside.*

Mrs Mal. Ay, here it is.

Abs. Ay, my note indeed! O the little traitress Lucy.

[*Aside*

Mrs Mal. There, perhaps you may know the writing.

[*Gives him the letter.*

Abs. I think I have seen the hand before—yes, I certainly must have seen this hand before—

Mrs Mal. Nay, but read it, captain.

The Rivals

Act III. Sc. iii.

Abs. [Reads.] *My soul's idol, my adored Lydia!* — 6c
Very tender indeed!

Mrs Mal. Tender! ay, and profane too, o' my conscience.

Abs. [Reads.] *I am excessively alarmed at the intelligence you send me, the more so as my new rival* —

Mrs Mal. That's you, sir.

Abs. [Reads.] *Has universally the character of being an accomplished gentleman and a man of honour.*
Well, that's handsome enough. 70

Mrs Mal. Oh, the fellow has some design in writing so.

Abs. That he had, I'll answer for him, ma'am.

Mrs Mal. But go on, sir—you'll see presently.

Abs. [Reads.] *As for the old weather-beaten she-dragon who guards you—Who can he mean by that?*

Mrs Mal. Me, sir!—me!—he means me!—There —what do you think now?—but go on a little further. 80

Abs. Impudent scoundrel!—[Reads.] *it shall go hard but I will elude her vigilance, as I am told that the same ridiculous vanity, which makes her dress up her coarse features, and deck her dull*

chat with hard words which she don't understand—

Mrs Mal. There, sir, an attack upon my language ! what do you think of that?—an aspersion upon my parts of speech ! was ever such a brute ! Sure, if I reprehend any thing in this world, it is the use of my oracular tongue, and a nice derangement of epitaphs ! 90

Abs. He deserves to be hanged and quartered ! let me see—[Reads.] *same ridiculous vanity*—

Mrs Mal. You need not read it again, sir.

Abs. I beg pardon, ma'am.—[Reads.] *does also lay her open to the grossest deceptions from flattery and pretended admiration—an impudent coxcomb!*—so that *I have a scheme to see you shortly with the old barridan's consent, and even 100 to make her a go-between in our interview.*— Was ever such assurance !

Mrs Mal. Did you ever hear anything like it?— he'll elude my vigilance, will he—yes, yes ! ha ! ha ! he 's very likely to enter these doors ; we 'll try who can plot best !

Abs. So we will, ma'am—so we will ! Ha ! ha ! ha ! a conceited puppy, ha ! ha ! ha !—Well, but, *Mrs Malaprop*, as the girl seems so infatu-

The Rivals

Act III. Sc. iii.

ated by this fellow, suppose you were to wink 110
at her corresponding with him for a little time
—let her even plot an elopement with him—
then do you connive at her escape—while I,
just in the nick, will have the fellow laid by
the heels, and fairly contrive to carry her off
in his stead.

Mrs Mal. I am delighted with the scheme; never
was anything better perpetrated!

Abs. But, pray, could not I see the lady for a few
minutes now?—I should like to try her temper 120
a little.

Mrs Mal. Why, I don't know—I doubt she is not
prepared for a visit of this kind. There is a
decorum in these matters.

Abs. O Lord! she won't mind me—only tell her
Beverley—

Mrs Mal. Sir!

Abs. Gently, good tongue.

[*Aside.*]

Mrs Mal. What did you say of Beverley?

Abs. Oh, I was going to propose that you should 130
tell her, by way of jest, that it was Beverley
who was below; she'd come down fast enough
then—ha! ha! ha!

Mrs Mal. 'Twould be a trick she well deserves;

besides, you know the fellow tells her he 'll get my consent to see her—ha! ha! Let him if he can, I say again. Lydia, come down here!—[*Calling.*] He 'll make me a go-between in their interviews!—ha! ha! ha! Come down, I say, Lydia! I don't wonder 140 at your laughing, ha! ha! ha! his impudence is truly ridiculous.

Abs. 'Tis very ridiculous, upon my soul, ma'am, ha! ha! ha!

Mrs Mal. The little hussy won't hear. Well, I 'll go and tell her at once who it is—she shall know that Captain Absolute is come to wait on her. And I 'll make her behave as becomes a young woman.

Abs. As you please, ma'am.

Mrs Mal. For the present, captain, your servant. 150 Ah! you 've not done laughing yet, I see—elude my vigilance; yes, yes; ha! ha! ha! [*Exit.*]

Abs. Ha! ha! ha! one would think now that I might throw off all disguise at once, and seize my prize with security; but such is Lydia's caprice, that to undeceive were probably to lose her. I 'll see whether she knows me.

[*Walks aside, and seems engaged in looking at the pictures.*

The Rivals

Act III. Sc. iii.

Enter Lydia.

Lyd. What a scene am I now to go through! surely nothing can be more dreadful than to be obliged to listen to the loathsome addresses of a stranger 160 to one's heart. I have heard of girls persecuted as I am, who have appealed in behalf of their favoured lover to the generosity of his rival; suppose I were to try it—there stands the hated rival—an officer too!—but oh, how unlike my Beverley! I wonder he don't begin—truly he seems a very negligent wooer!—quite at his ease, upon my word!—I'll speak first—Mr Absolute.

Abs. Ma'am.

[Turns round. 170

Lyd. O heavens! Beverley!

Abs. Hush!—hush, my life! softly! be not surprised!

Lyd. I am so astonished! and so terrified! and so overjoyed!—for Heaven's sake! how came you here?

Abs. Briefly, I have deceived your aunt—I was informed that my new rival was to visit here this evening, and contriving to have him kept away, have passed myself on her for Captain 18c Absolute.

Lyd. O charming! And she really takes you for young Absolute!

Abs. Oh, she's convinced of it.

Lyd. Ha! ha! ha! I can't forbear laughing to think how her sagacity is overreached!

Abs. But we trifle with our precious moments—such another opportunity may not occur; then let me now conjure my kind, my condescending angel, to fix the time when I may rescue her 190 from undeserving persecution, and with a licensed warmth plead for my reward.

Lyd. Will you then, Beverley, consent to forfeit that portion of my paltry wealth?—that burden on the wings of love?

Abs. Oh, come to me—rich only thus—in loveliness! Bring no portion to me but thy love—'twill be generous in you, Lydia—for well you know, it is the only dower your poor Beverley can repay.

Lyd. How persuasive are his words!—how charming 200 will poverty be with him! [Aside]

Abs. Ah! my soul, what a life will we then live! Love shall be our idol and support! we will worship him with a monastic strictness; abjuring all worldly toys, to centre every thought and action there. Proud of calamity, we will enjoy

the wreck of wealth; while the surrounding gloom of adversity shall make the flame of our pure love show doubly bright. By Heavens! I would fling all goods of fortune from me with 210 a prodigal hand, to enjoy the scene where I might clasp my Lydia to my bosom, and say, the world affords no smile to me but here—
[Embracing her.] If she holds out now, the devil is in it! [Aside.]

Lyd. Now could I fly with him to the antipodes!
but my persecution is not yet come to a crisis.

[Aside.]

Re-enter Mrs Malaprop, listening.

Mrs Mal. I am impatient to know how the little hussy departs herself. [Aside.]

Abs. So pensive, Lydia!—is then your warmth 220 abated?

Mrs Mal. Warmth abated!—so!—she has been in a passion, I suppose. [Aside.]

Lyd. No—nor ever can while I have life.

Mrs Mal. An ill-tempered little devil! She'll be in a passion all her life—will she? [Aside.]

Lyd. Think not the idle threats of my ridiculous aunt can ever have any weight with me.

Mrs Mal. Very dutiful, upon my word! [Aside.]

Lyd. Let her choice be Captain Absolute, but 230
Beverley is mine.

Mrs Mal. I am astonished at her assurance!—to his
face—this is to his face! [Aside.]

Abs. Thus then let me enforce my suit. [Kneeling]

Mrs Mal. [Aside.] Ay, poor young man!—down
on his knees entreating for pity!—I can contain
no longer.—[Coming forward.] Why, thou
vixen!—I have overheard you.

Abs. Oh, confound her vigilance! [Aside.]

Mrs Mal. Captain Absolute, I know not how to 240
apologize for her shocking rudeness.

Abs. [Aside.] So all's safe, I find.—[Aloud.] I
have hopes, madam, that time will bring the
young lady—

Mrs Mal. Oh, there's nothing to be hoped for
from her! she's as headstrong as an allegory
on the banks of Nile.

Lyd. Nay, madam, what do you charge me with
now?

Mrs Mal. Why, thou unblushing rebel—didn't you 250
tell this gentleman to his face that you loved
another better?—didn't you say you never
would be his?

Lyd. No, madam—I did not.

The Rivals

Act III. Sc. iii.

Mrs Mal. Good Heavens! what assurance I—

Lydia, Lydia, you ought to know that lying
don't become a young woman!—Didn't you
boast that Beverley, that stroller Beverley,
possessed your heart?—Tell me that, I say.

Lyd. 'Tis true, ma'am, and none but Beverley— 260

Mrs Mal. Hold!—hold, Assurance!—you shall
not be so rude.

Abs. Nay, pray, Mrs Malaprop, don't stop the
young lady's speech: she's very welcome to
talk thus—it does not hurt me in the least, I
assure you.

Mrs Mal. You are too good, captain—too amiably
patient—but come with me, miss.—Let us see
you again soon, captain—remember what we
have fixed. 270

Abs. I shall, ma'am.

Mrs Mal. Come, take a graceful leave of the
gentleman.

Lyd. May every blessing wait on my Beverley, my
loved Bev—

Mrs Mal. Hussy! I'll choke the word in your
throat!—come along—come along.

[*Exeunt severally; Captain Absolute kissing his hand to
Lydia—Mrs Malaprop stopping her from speaking.*

Scene IV.

*Acres' Lodgings.**Acres, as just dressed, and David.**Acres.* Indeed, David—do you think I become it so?*Dav.* You are quite another creature, believe me, master, by the mass! an we've any luck we shall see the Devon monkerony in all the print-shops in Bath!*Acres.* Dress does make a difference, David.*Dav.* 'Tis all in all, I think.—Difference! why, an you were to go now to Clod-hall, I am certain the old lady wouldn't know you: master Butler wouldn't believe his own eyes, and Mrs Pickle would cry, Lard presarve me! Our dairy-maid would come giggling to the door, and I warrant Dolly Tester, your honour's favourite, would blush like my waistcoat.—
Oons! I'll hold a gallon, there an't a dog in the house but would bark, and I question whether Phillis would wag a hair of her tail!*Acres.* Ay, David, there's nothing like polishing.*Dav.* So I says of your honour's boots; but the boy never heeds me!

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The Rivals

Act III. Sc. iv.

Acres. But, David, has Mr De-la-grace been here?

I must rub up my balancing, and chasing, and boring.

Dav. I'll call again, sir.

Acres. Do—and see if there are any letters for me at the post-office.

Dav. I will.—By the mass, I can't help looking at your head!—if I hadn't been at the cooking, I wish I may die if I should have known the dish again myself!

[Exit.]

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Acres. [Practising a dancing-step.] Sink, slide—coupee.—Confound the first inventors of cotillions! say I—they are as bad as algebra to us country gentlemen—I can walk a minuet easy enough when I am forced!—and I have been accounted a good stick in a country-dance.—Odds jigs and tabors! I never valued your cross-over to couple—figure in—right and left—and I'd foot it with e'er a captain in the county!—but these outlandish heathen allemandes and cotillions are quite beyond me!—I shall never prosper at 'em, that's sure—mine are true-born English legs—they don't understand their curst French lingo!—their *pas* this, and *pas* that, and *pas* t'other!—damn me! my

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feet don't like to be called paws! no, 'tis certain
I have most Antigallican toes!

Enter Servant.

Serv. Here is Sir Lucius O'Trigger to wait on you,
sir.

Acres. Show him in.

[*Exit Servant.*] 50

Enter Sir Lucius O'Trigger.

Sir Luc. Mr Acres, I am delighted to embrace you.

Acres. My dear Sir Lucius, I kiss your hands.

Sir Luc. Pray, my friend, what has brought you so
suddenly to Bath?

Acres. Faith! I have followed Cupid's Jack-a-
lantern, and find myself in a quagmire at last.
—In short, I have been very ill-used, Sir
Lucius.—I don't choose to mention names, but
look on me as on a very ill-used gentleman.

Sir Luc. Pray what is the case?—I ask no names.

Acres. Mark me, Sir Lucius, I fall as deep as need
be in love with a young lady—her friends take
my part—I follow her to Bath—send word of
my arrival; and receive answer, that the lady is
to be otherwise disposed of.—This, Sir Lucius,
I call being ill-used.

The Rivals

Act III. Sc. iv.

Sir. Luc. Very ill, upon my conscience.—Pray, can you divine the cause of it?

Acres. Why, there's the matter; she has another lover, one Beverley, who, I am told, is now in Bath.—Odds slanders and lies! he must be at the bottom of it. 70

Sir Luc. A rival in the case, is there?—and you think he has supplanted you unfairly?

Acres. Unfairly! to be sure he has. He never could have done it fairly.

Sir Luc. Then sure you know what is to be done!

Acres. Not I, upon my soul!

Sir Luc. We wear no swords here, but you understand me. 80

Acres. What! fight him!

Sir Luc. Ay, to be sure: what can I mean else?

Acres. But he has given me no provocation.

Sir Luc. Now, I think he has given you the greatest provocation in the world. Can a man commit a more heinous offence against another than to fall in love with the same woman? Oh, by my soul! it is the most unpardonable breach of friendship. 90

Acres. Breach of friendship! ay, ay; but I have

no acquaintance with this man. I never saw him in my life.

Sir Luc. That's no argument at all—he has the less right then to take such a liberty.

Acres. Gad, that's true—I grow full of anger, Sir Lucius!—I fire apace! Odds hilts and blades! I find a man may have a deal of valour in him, and not know it! But couldn't I contrive to have a little right of my side? 100

Sir Luc. What the devil signifies right, when your honour is concerned? Do you think Achilles, or my little Alexander the Great, ever inquired where the right lay? No, by my soul, they drew their broadswords, and left the lazy sons of peace to settle the justice of it.

Acres. Your words are a grenadier's march to my heart! I believe courage must be catching! I certainly do feel a kind of valour rising as it were—a kind of courage, as I may say.—Odds flints, pans, and triggers! I'll challenge him directly. 110

Sir Luc. Ah, my little friend, if I had Blunderbuss Hall here, I could show you a range of ancestry, in the O'Trigger line, that would furnish the new room; every one of whom had killed his

The Rivals

Act III. Sc. iv.

man!—For though the mansion-house and
dirty acres have slipped through my fingers, I
thank heaven our honour and the family-pictures
are as fresh as ever.

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Acres. O, Sir Lucius! I have had ancestors too!
—every man of 'em colonel or captain in the
militia!—Odds balls and barrels! say no more
—I'm braced for it. The thunder of your
words has soured the milk of human kindness
in my breast;—Zounds! as the man in the
play says, *I could do such deeds!*

Sir Luc. Come, come, there must be no passion at
all in the case—these things should always be
done civilly.

130

Acres. I must be in a passion, Sir Lucius—I must
be in a rage.—Dear Sir Lucius, let me be in a
rage, if you love me. Come, here's pen and
paper.—[Sits down to write.] I would the ink
were red!—Indite, I say indite!—How shall
I begin? Odds bullets and blades! I'll write
a good bold hand, however.

Sir Luc. Pray compose yourself.

Acres. Come—now, shall I begin with an oath?

Do, Sir Lucius, let me begin with a 140
damme.

Sir Luc. Pho! pho! do the thing decently, and like a Christian. Begin now—*Sir*—

Acres. That's too civil by half.

Sir Luc. To prevent the confusion that might arise—

Acres. Well—

Sir Luc. From our both addressing the same lady—

Acres. Ay, there's the reason—same lady—well—

Sir Luc. I shall expect the honour of your company—

Acres. Zounds! I'm not asking him to dinner. 150

Sir Luc. Pray be easy.

Acres. Well then, honour of your company—

Sir Luc. To settle our pretensions—

Acres. Well.

Sir Luc. Let me see, ay, King's-Mead-Fields will do—in King's-Mead-Fields.

Acres. So, that's done—Well, I'll fold it up presently; my own crest—a hand and dagger shall be the seal.

Sir Luc. You see now this little explanation will 160 put a stop at once to all confusion or misunderstanding that might arise between you.

Acres. Ay, we fight to prevent any misunderstanding.

Sir Luc. Now, I'll leave you to fix your own time. Take my advice, and you'll decide it this

The Rivals

Act III. Sc. iv.

evening if you can ; then let the worst come
of it, 'twill be off your mind to-morrow.

Acres. Very true.

Sir Luc. So I shall see nothing more of you, unless 170
it be by letter, till the evening.—I would do
myself the honour to carry your message ; but,
to tell you a secret, I believe I shall have just
such another affair on my own hands. There
is a gay captain here, who put a jest on me
lately, at the expense of my country, and I only
want to fall in with the gentleman, to call him
out.

Acres. By my valour, I should like to see you fight
first ! Odds life ! I should like to see you 180
kill him if it was only to get a little lesson.

Sir Luc. I shall be very proud of instructing you.—
Well, for the present—but remember now, when
you meet your antagonist, do everything in a
mild and agreeable manner.—Let your courage
be as keen, but at the same time as polished, as
your sword.

[*Exeunt severally.*



Act Fourth.

Scene I.

*Acres' Lodgings.**Acres and David.*

Dav. Then, by the mass, sir ! I would do no such thing—ne'er a Sir Lucius O'Trigger in the kingdom should make me fight, when I wa'n't so minded. Oons ! what will the old lady say when she hears o't ?

Acres. Ah ! David, if you had heard Sir Lucius ! —Odds sparks and flames ! he would have roused your valour.

Dav. Not he, indeed. I hate such bloodthirsty cormorants. Look'ee, master, if you'd wanted a bout at boxing, quarter-staff, or short-staff, I should never be the man to bid you cry off : but for your curst sharps and snaps, I never knew any good come of 'em.

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Acres. But my honour, David, my honour ! I must be very careful of my honour.

Dav. Ay, by the mass ! and I would be very careful of it ; and I think in return my honour

The Rivals

Act IV. Sc. i.

couldn't do less than to be very careful of
me.

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Acres. Odds blades ! David, no gentleman will
ever risk the loss of his honour.

Dav. I say then, it would be but civil in honour
never to risk the loss of a gentleman.—Look'ee,
master, this honour seems to me to be a
marvellous false friend : ay, truly, a very
courtier-like servant.—Put the case, I was a
gentleman (which, thank God, no one can say
of me;) well—my honour makes me quarrel
with another gentleman of my acquaintance.—
So—we fight. (Pleasant enough that !) Boh !
I kill him—(the more's my luck !) now, pray
who gets the profit of it ?—Why, my honour.
But put the case that he kills me !—by the mass !
I go to the worms, and my honour whips over
to my enemy.

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Acres. No, David—in that case—Odds crowns
and laurels!—your honour follows you to the
grave.

Dav. Now, that's just the place where I could
make a shift to do without it.

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Acres. Zounds ! David, you are a coward !—It
doesn't become my valour to listen to you.—

What, shall I disgrace my ancestors?—Think of that, David—think what it would be to disgrace my ancestors!

Dav. Under favour, the surest way of not disgracing them, is to keep as long as you can out of their company. Look'ee now, master, to go to them in such haste—with an ounce of lead in your brains—I should think might as well be let alone. Our ancestors are very good kind of folks; but they are the last people I should choose to have a visiting acquaintance with.

Acres. But, David, now, you don't think there is such very, very, very great danger, hey?—Odds life! people often fight without any mischief done!

Dav. By the mass, I think 'tis ten to one against you!—Oons! here to meet some lion-headed fellow, I warrant, with his damned double-barrelled swords, and cut-and-thrust pistols!—Lord bless us! it makes me tremble to think o't—Those be such desperate bloody-minded weapons! Well, I never could abide 'em—from a child I never could fancy 'em!—I suppose there a'nt been so merciless a beast in the world as your loaded pistol!

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The Rivals

Act IV. Sc. 1.

Acres. Zounds ! I won't be afraid !—Odds fire
and fury ! you shan't make me afraid.—Here 70
is the challenge, and I have sent for my dear
friend Jack Absolute to carry it for me.

Dav. Ay, i' the name of mischief, let him be the
messenger.—For my part, I wouldn't lend a
hand to it for the best horse in your stable.
By the mass ! it don't look like another letter.
It is, as I may say, a designing and malicious-
looking letter ; and I warrant smells of gun-
powder like a soldier's pouch !—Oons ! I
wouldn't swear it mayn't go off ! 80

Acres. Out, you poltroon ! you ha'nt the valour of
a grasshopper.

Dav. Well, I say no more—'twill be sad news, to
be sure, at Clod-Hall ! but I ha' done.—How
Phillis will howl when she hears of it !—Ay,
poor bitch, she little thinks what shooting her
master's going after ! And I warrant old Crop,
who has carried your honour, field and road,
these ten years, will curse the hour he was
born. [Whimpering. 90

Acres. It won't do, David—I am determined to
fight—so get along you coward, while I'm in
the mind.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Captain Absolute, sir.

Acres. Oh ! show him up. [Exit Servant.]

Dav. Well, Heaven send we be all alive this time
to-morrow.

Acres. What 's that ?—Don 't provoke me, David !

Dav. Good-bye, master. [Whimpering.]

Acres. Get along, you cowardly, dastardly, croaking 100
raven ! [Exit David.]

Enter Captain Absolute.

Abs. What 's the matter, Bob ?

Acres. A vile, sheep-hearted blockhead ! If I
hadn 't the valour of St George and the
dragon to boot——

Abs. But what did you want with me, Bob ?

Acres. Oh !—There—— [Gives him the challenge.]

Abs. [Aside.] To Ensign Beverley.—So, what 's
going on now !—[Aloud.] Well, what 's this ?

Acres. A challenge !

Abs. Indeed ! Why, you won 't fight him ; will
you, Bob ?

Acres. Egad, but I will, Jack. Sir Lucius has
wrought me to it. He has left me full of
rage—and I 'll fight this evening, that so much
good passion mayn 't be wasted.

110

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Act IV. Sc. i.

Abs. But what have I to do with this?

Acres. Why, as I think you know something of
this fellow, I want you to find him out for me,
and give him this mortal defiance. 120

Abs. Well, give it to me, and trust me he gets it.

Acres. Thank you, my dear friend, my dear Jack ;
but it is giving you a great deal of trouble.

Abs. Not in the least—I beg you won't mention
it.—No trouble in the world I assure you.

Acres. You are very kind.—What it is to have a
friend !—You couldn't be my second, could
you, Jack ?

Abs. Why no, Bob—not in this affair—it would
not be quite so proper. 130

Acres. Well, then, I must get my friend Sir Lucius.
I shall have your good wishes, however, Jack ?

Abs. Whenever he meets you, believe me.

Re-enter Servant.

Ser. Sir Anthony Absolute is below, inquiring for
the captain.

Abs. I'll come instantly.—[Exit Servant.] Well,
my little hero, success attend you. [Going.]

Acres. Stay—stay, Jack.—If Beverley should ask
you what kind of a man your friend Acres is,
107
b

do tell him I am a devil of a fellow—will you, 140
Jack?

Abs. To be sure I shall. I'll say you are a
determined dog—hey, Bob?

Acres. Ay, do, do—and if that frightens him, egad,
perhaps he mayn't come. So tell him I
generally kill a man a week; will you, Jack?

Abs. I will, I will; I'll say you are called in the
country Fighting Bob.

Acres. Right—right—'tis all to prevent mischief;
for I don't want to take his life if I clear my 150
honour.

Abs. No!—that's very kind of you.

Acres. Why, you don't wish me to kill him—do
you, Jack?

Abs. No, upon my soul, I do not. But a devil of
a fellow, hey? [Going.]

Acres. True, true—but stay—stay, Jack—you may
add, that you never saw me in such a rage
before—a most devouring rage!

Abs. I will, I will.

160

Acres. Remember, Jack—a determined dog.

Abs. Ay, ay, Fighting Bob! [Exeunt severally.]

Scene II.

Mrs Malaprop's Lodgings.

Mrs Malaprop and Lydia.

Mrs Mal. Why, thou perverse one!—tell me what you can object to him? Isn't he a handsome man?—tell me that. A genteel man? a pretty figure of a man?

Lyd. [Aside.] She little thinks whom she is praising!—[Aloud.] So is Beverley, ma'am.

Mrs Mal. No caparisons, miss, if you please. Caparisons don't become a young woman. No! Captain Absolute is indeed a fine gentleman!

10

Lyd. Ay, the Captain Absolute you have seen. [Aside.]

Mrs Mal. Then he's so well bred;—so full of alacrity, and adulation!—and has so much to say for himself:—in such good language too! His physiognomy so grammatical! Then his presence is so noble! I protest, when I saw him, I thought of what Hamlet says in the play:—

“ Hesperian curls—the front of Job himself!—
An eye, like March, to threaten at command!— 20
A station, like Harry Mercury, new—”

Something about kissing—on a hill—however,
the similitude struck me directly.

Lyd. How enraged she'll be presently, when she
discovers her mistake! [*Aside*]

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir Anthony and Captain Absolute are below,
ma'am.

Mrs Mal. Show them up here.—[*Exit Servant.*]

Now, Lydia, I insist on your behaving as
becomes a young woman. Show your good 30
breeding, at least, though you have forgot
your duty.

Lyd. Madam, I have told you my resolution!—
I shall not only give him no encouragement,
but I won't even speak to, or look at him.

[*Flings herself into a chair, with her
face from the door.*]

Enter Sir Anthony Absolute and Captain Absolute.

Sir Anth. Here we are, Mrs Malaprop; come to
mitigate the frowns of unrelenting beauty,—
and difficulty enough I had to bring this
fellow.—I don't know what's the matter; but
if I had not held him by force, he'd have 40
given me the slip.

The Rivals

Act IV. Sc. ii.

Mrs Mal. You have infinite trouble, Sir Anthony, in the affair. I am ashamed for the cause!

—[*Aside to Lydia.*] Lydia, Lydia, rise, I beseech you!—pay your respects!

Sir Anth. I hope, madam, that Miss Languish has reflected on the worth of this gentleman, and the regard due to her aunt's choice, and my alliance.—[*Aside to Captain Absolute.*] Now, Jack, speak to her.

Abs. [*Aside.*] What the devil shall I do!—[*Aside to Sir Anthony.*] You see, sir, she won't even look at me whilst you are here. I knew she wouldn't! I told you so. Let me entreat you, sir, to leave us together!

[*Seems to expostulate with his father.*]

Lyd. [*Aside.*] I wonder I ha'n't heard my aunt exclaim yet! sure she can't have looked at him!—perhaps their regimentals are alike, and she is something blind.

Sir Anth. I say, sir, I won't stir a foot yet! 60

Mrs Mal. I am sorry to say, Sir Anthony, that my affluence over my niece is very small.—[*Aside to Lydia.*] Turn round, Lydia: I blush for you!

Sir Anth. May I not flatter myself, that Miss

Languish will assign, what cause of dislike
she can have to my son!—[*Aside to Captain
Absolute.*] Why don't you begin, Jack?—
Speak, you puppy—speak!

Mrs Mal. It is impossible, Sir Anthony, she can 70
have any. She will not say she has.—[*Aside
to Lydia.*] Answer, hussy! why don't you
answer?

Sir Anth. Then, madam, I trust that a childish and
hasty predilection will be no bar to Jack's
. happiness.—[*Aside to Captain Absolute.*]—
Zounds! sirrah! why don't you speak!

Lyd. [*Aside.*] I think my lover seems as little
inclined to conversation as myself.—How
strangely blind my aunt must be!

Abs. Hem! hem! madam—hem!—[*Attempts to
speak, then returns to Sir Anthony.*] Faith!
sir, I am so confounded!—and—so—so—
confused!—I told you I should be so, sir—
I knew it.—The—the—tremor of my passion
entirely takes away my presence of mind.

Sir Anth. But it don't take away your voice, fool,
does it?—Go up, and speak to her directly!

[*Captain Absolute makes signs to Mrs Malaprop
to leave them together.*]

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Act IV. Sc. ii.

Mrs Mal. Sir Anthony, shall we leave them together?—[*Aside to Lydia.*] Ah! you go stubborn little vixen!

Sir Anth. Not yet, ma'am, not yet!—[*Aside to Captain Absolute.*] What the devil are you at? unlock your jaws, sirrah, or—

Abs. [*Aside.*] Now Heaven send she may be too sullen to look round!—I must disguise my voice.—[*Draws near Lydia, and speaks in a low boarse tone.*] Will not Miss Languish lend an ear to the mild accents of true love? Will not—

100

Sir Anth. What the devil ails the fellow? Why don't you speak out?—not stand croaking like a frog in a quinsy!

Abs. The—the—excess of my awe, and my—my—my modesty, quite choke me!

Sir Anth. Ah! your modesty again!—I'll tell you what, Jack; if you don't speak out directly, and glibly too, I shall be in such a rage!—Mrs Malaprop, I wish the lady would favour us with something more than a side-front.

110

[*Mrs Malaprop seems to chide Lydia.*]

Abs. [*Aside.*] So all will out, I see!—[*Goes up to Lydia, speaks softly.*] Be not sur-

prised, my Lydia, suppress all surprise at present.

Lyd. [Aside.] Heavens! 'tis Beverley's voice! Sure he can't have imposed on Sir Anthony too!—[Looks round by degrees, then starts up.] Is this possible!—my Beverley!—how can this be?—my Beverley?

Abs. Ah! 'tis all over. [Aside. 120]

Sir Anth. Beverley!—the devil—Beverley!—What can the girl mean?—This is my son, Jack Absolute.

Mrs Mal. For shame, hussy! for shame! your head runs so on that fellow, that you have him always in your eyes!—beg Captain Absolute's pardon directly.

Lyd. I see no Captain Absolute, but my loved Beverley!

Sir Anth. Zounds! the girl's mad!—her brain's 130 turned by reading.

Mrs Mal. O' my conscience, I believe so!—What do you mean by Beverley, hussy?—You saw Captain Absolute before to-day; there he is—your husband that shall be.

Lyd. With all my soul, ma'am—when I refuse my Beverley—

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Sir Anth. Oh! she's as mad as Bedlam!—or has
this fellow been playing us a rogue's trick!—
Come here, sirrah, who the devil are you? 140

Abs. Faith, sir, I am not quite clear myself; but
I'll endeavour to recollect.

Sir Anth. Are you my son or not?—answer for
your mother, you dog, if you won't for me.

Mrs Mal. Ay, sir, who are you? O mercy! I
begin to suspect!—

Abs. [Aside.] Ye powers of impudence, befriend
me!—[Aloud.] Sir Anthony, most assuredly
I am your wife's son and that I sincerely believe
myself to be yours also, I hope my duty has 150
always shown.—Mrs Malaprop, I am your most
respectful admirer, and shall be proud to add
affectionate nephew.—I need not tell my Lydia,
that she sees her faithful Beverley, who, know-
ing the singular generosity of her temper, assumed
that name and station, which has proved a test
of the most disinterested love, which he now
hopes to enjoy in a more elevated character.

Lyd. So!—there will be no elopement after all!

[Sullenly.

Sir Anth. Upon my soul, Jack, thou art a very 160
impudent fellow! to do you justice, I think

I never saw a piece of more consummate assurance!

Abs. Oh, you flatter me, sir—you compliment—'tis my modesty you know, sir,—my modesty that has stood in my way.

Sir Anth. Well, I am glad you are not the dull, insensible varlet you pretended to be, however! —I'm glad you have made a fool of your father, you dog—I am. So this was your 170 *penitence*, your *duty* and *obedience*! —I thought it was damned sudden! —*You never heard their names before*, not you! —*what, the Languishes of Worcestershire*, hey? —*if you could please me in the affair it was all you desired*! —Ah! you dissembling villain! —What! —[Pointing to *Lydia*] *she squints, don't she?* —*a little red-haired girl*! —hey? —Why, you hypocritical young rascal! —I wonder you an't ashamed to hold up your head! 180

Abs. 'Tis with difficulty, sir.—I am confused—very much confused, as you must perceive.

Mrs Mal. O Lud! Sir Anthony! —a new light breaks in upon me! —hey! —how! what! captain, did you write the letters then? —What —am I to thank you for the elegant compilation

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of an old weather-beaten she-dragon—hey!—O
mercy!—was it you that reflected on my parts
of speech?

Abs. Dear sir! my modesty will be overpowered at 190
last, if you don't assist me—I shall certainly
not be able to stand it!

Sir Anth. Come, come, Mrs Malaprop, we must
forget and forgive;—odds life! matters have
taken so clever a turn all of a sudden, that I
could find in my heart to be so good-humoured!
and so gallant! hey! Mrs Malaprop!

Mrs Mal. Well, Sir Anthony, since you desire it,
we will not anticipate the past!—so mind,
young people—our retrospection will be all to 200
the future.

Sir Anth. Come, we must leave them together;
Mrs Malaprop, they long to fly into each other's
arms, I warrant!—Jack—isn't the cheek as I
said, hey?—and the eye, you rogue!—and the
lip—he? Come, Mrs Malaprop, we'll not
disturb their tenderness—theirs is the time of
life for happiness!—*Youth's the season made for
joy*—[Sings]—hey!—Odds life! I'm in such
spirits,—I don't know what I could not do!— 210
Permit me, ma'am—[Gives his hand to Mrs

Malaprop.] Tol-de-rol—'gad, I should like to have a little fooling myself—Tol-de-rol de-rol.

[*Exit, singing and handing Mrs Malaprop.—Lydia sits sullenly in her chair.*

Abs. [*Aside.*] So much thought bodes me no good.

—[*Aloud.*] So grave, Lydia!

Lyd. Sir!

Abs. [*Aside.*] So!—egad! I thought as much!—that damned monosyllable has froze me!—

[*Aloud.*] What, Lydia, now that we are as 220 happy in our friends' consent, as in our mutual vows—

Lyd. Friends' consent indeed! [*Peevishly.*

Abs. Come, come, we must lay aside some of our romance—a little wealth and comfort may be endured after all. And for your fortune, the lawyers shall make such settlements as—

Lyd. Lawyers! I hate lawyers!

Abs. Nay, then, we will not wait for their lingering forms, but instantly procure the licence, 230 and—

Lyd. The licence!—I hate licence!

Abs. Oh my love! be not so unkind!—thus let me entreat—

[*Kneeling.*

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Lyd. Psha!—what signifies kneeling, when you know I must have you?

Abs. [Rising.] Nay, madam, there shall be no constraint upon your inclinations, I promise you.—If I have lost your heart, I resign the rest—[Aside.] 'Gad, I must try what a 240 little spirit will do.

Lyd. [Rising.] Then, sir, let me tell you, the interest you had there was acquired by a mean, unmanly imposition, and deserves the punishment of fraud.—What, you have been treating me like a child!—humouring my romance! and laughing, I suppose, at your success!

Abs. You wrong me, Lydia, you wrong me—only hear—

Lyd. So, while I fondly imagined we were deceiv- 250 ing my relations, and flattered myself that I should outwit and incense them all—behold my hopes are to be crushed at once, by my aunt's consent and approbation—and I am myself the only dupe at last!—[Walking about in a heat.] But here, sir, here is the picture—Beverley's picture! [taking a miniature from her bosom] which I have worn, night and day, in spite of threats and entreaties!—There, sir;

[*flings it to him*] and be assured I throw the 260 original from my heart as easily.

Abs. Nay, nay, ma'am, we will not differ as to that.—Here, [*taking out a picture*] here is Miss Lydia Languish.—What a difference!—ay, there is the heavenly assenting smile that first gave soul and spirit to my hopes!—those are the lips which sealed a vow, as yet scarce dry in Cupid's calendar! and there the half-resentful blush, that would have checked the ardour of my thanks!—Well, all that's past!—all over 270 indeed!—There, madam—in beauty, that copy is not equal to you, but in my mind its merit over the original, in being still the same, is such—that—I cannot find in my heart to part with it.

[*Puts it up again.*

Lyd. [*Softening.*] "Tis your own doing, sir—I—I—I suppose you are perfectly satisfied.

Abs. O, most certainly—sure, now, this is much better than being in love!—ha! ha! ha!—there's some spirit in this!—What signifies 280 breaking some scores of solemn promises:—all that's of no consequence, you know.—To be sure people will say, that miss don't know her own mind—but never mind that! Or, perhaps,

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they may be ill-natured enough to hint, that
the gentleman grew tired of the lady and
forsook her—but don't let that fret you.

Lyd. There is no bearing his insolence.

[*Bursts into tears.*

Re-enter Mrs. Malaprop and Sir Anthony Absolute.

Mrs. Mal. Come, we must interrupt your billing
and cooing awhile. 290

Lyd. This is worse than your treachery and deceit,
you base ingrate! [*Sobbing.*

Sir Anth. What the devil's the matter now!—
Zounds! Mrs. Malaprop, this is the oddest
billing and cooing I ever heard!—but what the
deuce is the meaning of it?—I am quite
astonished!

Abs. Ask the lady, sir.

Mrs. Mal. Oh mercy!—I'm quite analysed, for
my part!—Why, Lydia, what is the reason of 300
this?

Lyd. Ask the gentleman, ma'am.

Sir Anth. Zounds! I shall be in a frenzy!—Why,
Jack, you are not come out to be any one else,
are you?

Mrs. Mal. Ay, sir, there's no more trick, is there?

—you are not like Cerberus, three gentlemen at once, are you?

Abs. You'll not let me speak—I say the lady can account for this much better than I can. 310

Lyd. Ma'am, you once commanded me never to think of Beverley again—there is the man—I now obey you: for, from this moment, I renounce him forever. [Exit.]

Mrs Mal. O mercy! and miracles! what a turn here is—why sure, captain, you haven't behaved disrespectfully to my niece.

Sir Anth. Ha! ha! ha! — ha! ha! ha! — now I see it. Ha! ha! ha! — now I see it—you have been too lively, Jack. 320

Abs. Nay, sir, upon my word—

Sir Anth. Come, no lying, Jack—I'm sure 'twas so.

Mrs Mal. O Lud! Sir Anthony!—O fy, captain!

Abs. Upon my soul, ma'am—

Sir Anth. Come, no excuses, Jack; why, your father, you rogue, was so before you:—the blood of the Absolutes was always impatient.—Ha! ha! ha! poor little Lydia! why, you've frightened her, you dog, you have.

Abs. By all that's good, sir—

Sir Anth. Zounds! say no more, I tell you—*Mrs*

Malaprop shall make your peace.—You must make his peace, Mrs Malaprop :—you must tell her 'tis Jack's way—tell her 'tis all our ways— it runs in the blood of our family !—Come away, Jack—Ha ! ha ! ha ! Mrs Malaprop —a young villain ! [Pushing him out.

Mrs Mal. O ! Sir Anthony !—O fy, captain !

[*Exeunt severally.*

Scene III.

The North Parade.

Enter Sir Lucius O'Trigger.

Sir Luc. I wonder where this Captain Absolute hides himself ! Upon my conscience ! these officers are always in one's way in love affairs : — I remember I might have married lady Dorothy Carmine, if it had not been for a little rogue of a major, who ran away with her before she could get a sight of me ! And I wonder too what it is the ladies can see in them to be so fond of them—unless it be a touch of the old serpent in 'em, that makes the little creatures be caught, like vipers, with a bit of red cloth.

Ha! isn't this the captain coming?—faith it is!—There is a probability of succeeding about that fellow, that is mighty provoking! Who the devil is he talking to?

[*Steps aside.*

Enter Captain Absolute.

Abs. [*Aside.*] To what fine purpose I have been plotting! a noble reward for all my schemes, upon my soul!—a little gipsy!—I did not think her romance could have made her so damned absurd either. 'Sdeath, I never was 20 in a worse humour in my life!—I could cut my own throat, or any other person's, with the greatest pleasure in the world!

Sir Luc. Oh, faith! I'm in the luck of it. I never could have found him in a sweeter temper for my purpose—to be sure I'm just come in the nick! Now to enter into conversation with him, and so quarrel genteelly.—[*Goes up to Captain Absolute.*] With regard to that matter, captain, I must beg leave to differ in opinion 30 with you.

Abs. Upon my word, then, you must be a very subtle disputant:—because, sir, I happened just then to be giving no opinion at all.

Sir Luc. That's no reason. For give me leave to tell you, a man may think an untruth as well as speak one.

Abs. Very true, sir; but if a man never utters his thoughts, I should think they might stand a chance of escaping controversy.

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Sir Luc. Then, sir, you differ in opinion with me, which amounts to the same thing.

Abs. Hark'ee, Sir Lucius; if I had not before known you to be a gentleman, upon my soul, I should not have discovered it at this interview: for what you can drive at, unless you mean to quarrel with me, I cannot conceive!

Sir Luc. I humbly thank you, sir, for the quickness of your apprehension.—[*Bowing.*] You have named the very thing I would be at.

50

Abs. Very well, sir; I shall certainly not balk your inclinations.—But I should be glad you would please to explain your motives.

Sir Luc. Pray sir, be easy; the quarrel is a very pretty quarrel as it stands; we should only spoil it by trying to explain it. However, your memory is very short, or you could not have forgot an affront you passed on me within this week. So, no more, but name your time and place.

Abs. Well, sir, since you are so bent on it, the 60 sooner the better ; let it be this evening—here, by the Spring Gardens. We shall scarcely be interrupted.

Sir Luc. Faith ! that same interruption in affairs of this nature shows very great ill-breeding. I don't know what's the reason, but in England, if a thing of this kind gets wind, people make such a pother, that a gentleman can never fight in peace and quietness. However, if it's the same to you, captain, I should take it as a particular kindness if you'd let us meet in King's-Mead-Fields, as a little business will call me there about six o'clock, and I may despatch both matters at once. 70

Abs. 'Tis the same to me exactly. A little after six, then, we will discuss this matter more seriously.

Sir Luc. If you please, sir ; there will be very pretty small-sword light, though it won't do for a long shot. So that matter's settled, and my mind's at ease !

[*Exit.*] 80

Enter Faulkland.

Abs. Well met ! I was going to look for you. O Faulkland ! all the demons of spite and dis-

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appointment have conspired against me ! I 'm so vexed, that if I had not the prospect of a resource in being knocked o' the head by-and-by, I should scarce have spirits to tell you the cause.

Faulk. What can you mean ?—Has Lydia changed her mind ?—I should have thought her duty and inclination would now have pointed to the same object. 90

Abs. Ay, just as the eyes do of a person who squints : when her love-eye was fixed on me, t'other, her eye of duty, was finely obliqued : but when duty bid her point that the same way, off 'tother turned on a swivel, and secured its retreat with a frown !

Faulk. But what 's the resource you——

Abs. Oh, to wind up the whole, a good-natured Irishman here has——[*Mimicking Sir Lucius*]—— 100 begged leave to have the pleasure of cutting my throat ; and I mean to indulge him—that 's all.

Faulk. Prithee, be serious !

Abs. 'Tis fact, upon my soul ! Sir Lucius O'Trigger—you know him by sight—for some affront, which I am sure I never intended, has obliged me to meet him this evening at six

o'clock : 'tis on that account I wished to see you ; you must go with me.

Faulk. Nay, there must be some mistake, sure. Sir 110
Lucius shall explain himself, and I dare say matters may be accommodated. But this evening did you say ? I wish it had been any other time.

Abs. Why ? there will be light enough : there will (as Sir Lucius says) be very pretty small-sword light, though it will not do for a long shot.
Confound his long shots !

Faulk. But I am myself a good deal ruffled by a difference I have had with Julia. My vile 120 tormenting temper has made me treat her so cruelly, that I shall not be myself till we are reconciled.

Abs. By heavens ! Faulkland, you don't deserve her !

Enter Servant, gives Faulkland a letter, and exit.

Faulk. Oh, Jack ! this is from Julia. I dread to open it ! I fear it may be to take a last leave !—perhaps to bid me return her letters, and restore——Oh, how I suffer for my folly !

Abs. Here, let me see.—[Takes the letter and opens 130
138

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it.] Ay, a final sentence, indeed!—'tis all over with you, faith!

Faulk. Nay, Jack, don't keep me in suspense!

Abs. Hear then.—[Reads.] *As I am convinced that my dear Faulkland's own reflections have already upbraided him for his last unkindness to me, I will not add a word on the subject. I wish to speak with you as soon as possible. Yours ever and truly, JULIA.* There's stubbornness and resentment for you!—[Gives him the letter.] Why, 140 man, you don't seem one whit the happier at this!

Faulk. O yes, I am; but—but—

Abs. Confound your buts! you never hear any thing that would make another man bless himself, but you immediately damn it with a but!

Faulk. Now, Jack, as you are my friend, own honestly—don't you think there is something forward, something indelicate, in this haste to forgive? Women should never sue for reconciliation: that should always come from 150 us. They should retain their coldness till wooed to kindness; and their pardon, like their love, should “not unsought be won.”

Abs. I have not patience to listen to you! thou'rt incorrigible! so say no more on the

subject. I must go to settle a few matters. Let me see you before six, remember, at my lodgings. A poor industrious devil like me, who have toiled, and drudged, and plotted to gain my ends, and am at last disappointed by 160 other people's folly, may in pity be allowed to swear and grumble a little; but a captious sceptic in love, a slave to fretfulness and whim, who has no difficulties but of his own creating, is a subject more fit for ridicule than compassion!

[Exit.]

Faulk. I feel his reproaches; yet I would not change this too exquisite nicety for the gross content with which he tramples on the thorns of love! His engaging me in this duel has 170 started an idea in my head, which I will instantly pursue. I'll use it as the touchstone of Julia's sincerity and disinterestedness. If her love prove pure and sterling ore, my name will rest on it with honour; and once I've stamped it there, I lay aside my doubts for ever! But if the dross of selfishness, the alloy of pride, predominate, 'twill be best to leave her as a toy for some less cautious fool to sigh for!

[Exit. 180]

Act Fifth.

Scene I.

Julia's Dressing-Room.

Julia discovered alone.

Jul. How this message has alarmed me! what dreadful accident can he mean? why such charge to be alone?—O Faulkland!—how many unhappy moments—how many tears have you cost me.

Enter Faulkland.

Jul. What means this?—why this caution, Faulkland?

Faulk. Alas! Julia, I am come to take a long farewell.

Jul. Heavens! what do you mean?

10

Faulk. You see before you a wretch, whose life is forfeited. Nay, start not!—the infirmity of my temper has drawn all this misery on me. I left you fretful and passionate—an untoward accident drew me into a quarrel—the event is, that I must fly this kingdom instantly.

O Julia, had I been so fortunate as to have called you mine entirely, before this mischance had fallen on me, I should not so deeply dread my banishment!

20

Jul. My soul is oppressed with sorrow at the nature of your misfortune : had these adverse circumstances arisen from a less fatal cause, I should have felt strong comfort in the thought that I could now chase from your bosom every doubt of the warm sincerity of my love. My heart has long known no other guardian—I now entrust my person to your honour—we will fly together. When safe from pursuit, my father's will may be fulfilled—and I receive a legal claim to be the partner of your sorrows, and tenderest comforter. Then on the bosom of your wedded Julia, you may lull your keen regret to slumbering ; while virtuous love, with a cherub's hand, shall smooth the brow of upbraiding thought, and pluck the thorn from compunction.

30

Faulk. O Julia ! I am bankrupt in gratitude ! but the time is so pressing, it calls on you for so hasty a resolution !—Would you not wish some hours to weigh the advantages you forego, and

40

what little compensation poor Faulkland can make you beside his solitary love?

Jul. I ask not a moment. No, Faulkland, I have loved you for yourself: and if I now, more than ever, prize the solemn engagement which so long has pledged us to each other, it is because it leaves no room for hard aspersions on my fame, and puts the seal of duty to an act of love. But let us not linger. Perhaps 50 this delay—

Faulk. 'Twill be better I should not venture out again till dark. Yet am I grieved to think what numberless distresses will press heavy on your gentle disposition!

Jul. Perhaps your fortune may be forfeited by this unhappy act. I know not whether 'tis so; but sure that alone can never make us unhappy. The little I have will be sufficient to support us; and exile never should be splendid.

60

Faulk. Ay, but in such an abject state of life, my wounded pride perhaps may increase the natural fretfulness of my temper, till I become a rude, morose companion, beyond your patience to endure. Perhaps the recollection of a deed my conscience cannot justify may haunt me in

such gloomy and unsocial fits, that I shall hate the tenderness that would relieve me, break from your arms, and quarrel with your fondness!

Jul. If your thoughts should assume so unhappy a bent, you will the more want some mild and affectionate spirit to watch over and console you: one who, by bearing your infirmities with gentleness and resignation, may teach you so to bear the evils of your fortune. 70

Faulk. Julia, I have proved you to the quick! and with this useless device I throw away all my doubts. How shall I plead to be forgiven this last unworthy effect of my restless, unsatisfied disposition? 80

Jul. Has no such disaster happened as you related?

Faulk. I am ashamed to own that it was pretended; yet in pity, Julia, do not kill me with resenting a fault which never can be repeated: but sealing, this once, my pardon, let me to-morrow, in the face of Heaven, receive my future guide and mistress, and expiate my past folly by years of tender adoration.

Jul. Hold, Faulkland!—that you are free from a crime, which I before feared to name, Heaven knows how sincerely I rejoice! These are 90

The Rivals

Act V. Sc. 1.

tears of thankfulness for that! But that your cruel doubts should have urged you to an imposition that has wrung my heart, gives me now a pang more keen than I can express!

Faulk. By Heavens! Julia——

Jul. Yet hear me.—My father loved you, Faulkland! and you preserved the life that tender parent gave me; in his presence I pledged my hand—joyfully pledged it—where before I had given ¹⁰⁰ my heart. When, soon after, I lost that parent, it seemed to me that Providence had, in Faulkland, shown me whither to transfer without a pause, my grateful duty, as well as my affection: hence I have been content to bear from you what pride and delicacy would have forbid me from another. I will not upbraid you, by repeating how you have trifled with my sincerity——

Faulk. I confess it all! yet hear——

110

Jul. After such a year of trial, I might have flattered myself that I should not have been insulted with a new probation of my sincerity, as cruel as unnecessary! I now see it is not in your nature to be content or confident in love. With this conviction—I never will be yours. While

I had hopes that my persevering attention, and unreproaching kindness, might in time reform your temper, I should have been happy to have gained a dearer influence over you; but I will 120 not furnish you with a licensed power to keep alive an incorrigible fault, at the expense of one who never would contend with you.

Faulk. Nay, but, Julia, by my soul and honour, if after this—

Jul. But one word more.—As my faith has once been given to you, I never will barter it with another. I shall pray for your happiness with the truest sincerity; and the dearest blessing I can ask of Heaven to send you will be to 130 charm you from that unhappy temper, which alone has prevented the performance of our solemn engagement. All I request of you is, that you will yourself reflect upon this infirmity, and when you number up the many true delights it has deprived you of, let it not be your least regret, that it lost you the love of one who would have followed you in beggary through the world!

[*Exit.*]

Faulk. She's gone—for ever!—There was an awful 140 resolution in her manner, that riveted me

The Rivals

Act V. Sc. 1.

to my place.—O fool!—dolt!—barbarian!
Cursed as I am, with more imperfections than
my fellow wretches, kind Fortune sent a
heaven-gifted cherub to my aid, and, like a
ruffian, I have driven her from my side!—I
must now haste to my appointment. Well,
my mind is tuned for such a scene. I shall
wish only to become a principal in it, and
reverse the tale my cursed folly put me upon 150
forging here.—O Love!—tormentor!—fiend!
—whose influence, like the moon's, acting on
men of dull souls, makes idiots of them, but
meeting subtler spirits, betrays their course, and
urges sensibility to madness!

[*Exit.*]

Enter Lydia and Maid.

Maid. My mistress, ma'am, I know, was here just
now—perhaps she is only in the next room. [*Exit.*]

Lydia. Heigh-ho! Though he has used me so, this
fellow runs strangely in my head. I believe
one lecture from my grave cousin will make me 160
recall him. [*Re-enter Julia.*] O Julia, I am
come to you with such an appetite for consola-
tion.—Lud! child, what's the matter with
you? You have been crying!—I'll be hanged

if that Faulkland has not been tormenting you!

Jul. You mistake the cause of my uneasiness!—Something has flurried me a little. Nothing that you can guess at.—[*Aside.*] I would not accuse Faulkland to a sister! 170

Lyd. Ah! whatever vexations you may have, I can assure you mine surpass them. You know who Beverley proves to be?

Jul. I will now own to you, Lydia, that Mr Faulkland had before informed me of the whole affair. Had young Absolute been the person you took him for, I should not have accepted your confidence on the subject, without a serious endeavour to counteract your caprice. 180

Lyd. So, then, I see I have been deceived by every one! But I don't care—I'll never have him.

Jul. Nay, Lydia—

Lyd. Why, is it not provoking? when I thought we were coming to the prettiest distress imaginable, to find myself made a mere Smithfield bargain of at last! There had I projected one of the most sentimental elopements!—so becoming a disguise!—so amiable a ladder of

The Rivals

Act V. Sc. i.

ropes?—conscious moon—four horses—Scotch 190
parson.—with such surprise to Mrs Malaprop—
and such paragraphs in the newspapers!—Oh,
I shall die with disappointment!

Jul. I don't wonder at it!

Lyd. Now—sad reverse!—what have I to expect,
but, after a deal of flimsy preparation with a
bishop's licence, and my aunt's blessing, to go
simpering up to the altar; or perhaps be cried
three times in a country church, and have an
unmannerly fat clerk ask the consent of every 200
butcher in the parish to join John Absolute
and Lydia Languish, spinster! Oh that I
should live to hear myself called spinster!

Jul. Melancholy indeed!

Lyd. How mortifying, to remember the dear
delicious shifts I used to be put to, to gain
half a minute's conversation with this fellow!
How often have I stole forth, in the coldest
night in January, and found him in the garden,
stuck like a dripping statue! There would he 210
kneel to me in the snow, and sneeze and cough
so pathetically! he shivering with cold and I
with apprehension! and while the freezing
blast numbed our joints, how warmly would he

press me to pity his flame, and glow with mutual ardour!—Ah, Julia, that was something like being in love.

Jul. If I were in spirits, Lydia, I should chide you only by laughing heartily at you; but it suits more the situation of my mind, at present, 220 earnestly to entreat you not to let a man, who loves you with sincerity, suffer that unhappiness from your caprice, which I know too well caprice can inflict.

Lyd. O Lud! what has brought my aunt here?

Enter Mrs Malaprop, Fag, and David.

Mrs Mal. So! so! here's fine work!—here's fine suicide, parricide, and simulation, going on in the fields! and Sir Anthony not to be found to prevent the antistrophe!

Jul. For Heaven's sake, madam, what's the meaning 230 of this?

Mrs Mal. That gentleman can tell you—'twas he enveloped the affair to me.

Lyd. Do, sir, will you, inform us? [To *Fag.*

Fag. Ma'am, I should hold myself very deficient in every requisite that forms the man of breeding, if I delayed a moment to give all the informa-

tion in my power to a lady so deeply interested
in the affair as you are.

Lyd. But quick ! quick, sir !

240

Fag. True, ma'am, as you say, one should be quick
in divulging matters of this nature ; for should
we be tedious, perhaps while we are flourishing
on the subject, two or three lives may be lost !

Lyd. O patience !—Dob, ma'am, for Heaven's sake !
tell us what is the matter ?

Mrs Mal. Why, murder's the matter ! slaughter's
the matter ! killing's the matter !—but he can
tell you the perpendiculars.

Lyd. Then, prithee, sir, be brief.

250

Fag. Why then, ma'am, as to murder—I cannot take
upon me to say—and as to slaughter, or man-
slaughter, that will be as the jury finds it.

Lyd. But who, sir—who are engaged in this ?

Fag. Faith, ma'am, one is a young gentleman whom
I should be very sorry any thing was to happen
to—a very pretty behaved gentleman ! We
have lived much together, and always on terms.

Lyd. But who is this ? who ! who ! who ?

Fag. My master, ma'am—my master—I speak of 260
my master.

Lyd. Heavens ! What, Captain Absolute !

Mrs Mal. Oh, to be sure, you are frightened now!

Jul. But who are with him, sir?

Fag. As to the rest, ma'am, this gentleman can inform you better than I.

Jul. Do speak, friend. [To David.]

Dav. Look'ee, my lady—by the mass! there's mischief going on. Folks don't use to meet for amusement with firearms, firelocks, fire-engines, fire-screens, fire-office, and the devil knows what other crackers beside!—This, my lady, I say, has an angry favour. 270

Jul. But who is there beside Captain Absolute, friend?

Dav. My poor master—under favour for mentioning him first. You know me, my lady—I am David—and my master of course is, or was, Squire Acres. Then comes Squire Faulkland.

Jul. Do, ma'am, let us instantly endeavour to prevent mischief. 280

Mrs Mal. O fy!—it would be very inelegant in us:—we should only participate things.

Dav. Ah! do, Mrs Aunt, save a few lives—they are desperately given, believe me.—Above all, there is that bloodthirsty Philistine, Sir Lucius O'Trigger.

The Rivals

Act V. Sc. i.

Mrs Mal. Sir Lucius O'Trigger? O mercy! have they drawn poor little dear Sir Lucius into the scrape?—Why, how you stand, girl! you have 290 no more feeling than one of the Derbyshire petrifactions!

Lyd. What are we to do, madam?

Mrs Mal. Why fly with the utmost felicity, to be sure, to prevent mischief!—Here, friend, you can show us the place?

Fag. If you please, ma'am, I will conduct you.— David, do you look for Sir Anthony. [Exit David.

Mrs Mal. Come, girls! this gentleman will exhort us.—Come, sir, you're our envoy—lead the 300 way, and we'll precede.

Fag. Not a step before the ladies for the world!

Mrs Mal. You're sure you know the spot?

Fag. I think I can find it, ma'am; and one good thing is, we shall hear the report of the pistols as we draw near, so we can't well miss them; —never fear, ma'am, never fear. [Exit, *be talking*.



Scene II.

The South Parade.

*Enter Captain Absolute, putting his sword under
his great coat.*

Abs. A sword seen in the streets of Bath would raise as great an alarm as a mad dog.—How provoking this is in Faulkland!—never punctual! I shall be obliged to go without him at last.—Oh, the devil! here's Sir Anthony! how shall I escape him?

[*Muffles up his face, and takes a circle to go off.*

Enter Sir Anthony Absolute.

Sir Anth. How one may be deceived at a little distance! only that I see he don't know me, I could have sworn that was Jack!—Hey! Gad's life! it is.—Why, Jack, what are you afraid of? hey!—sure I'm right.—Why Jack, Jack Absolute! [Goes up to him.]

Abs. Really, sir, you have the advantage of me:—I don't remember ever to have had the honour —my name is Saunderson, at your service.

The Rivals

Act V. Sc. ii.

Sir Anth. Sir, I beg your pardon—I took you—
hey?—why, zounds! it is—Stay—[Looks up
to his face.] So, so—your humble servant, Mr
Saunderson! Why, you scoundrel, what tricks
are you after now?

Abs. Oh, a joke, sir, a joke! I came here on
purpose to look for you, sir.

Sir Anth. You did! well, I am glad you were so
lucky:—but what are you muffled up so for?—
what's this for?—hey!

Abs. 'Tis cool, sir; isn't?—rather chilly somehow;
—but I shall be late—I have a particular en-
gagement.

Sir Anth. Stay!—Why, I thought you were look-
ing for me?—Pray, Jack, where is't you are 30
going?

Abs. Going, sir!

Sir Anth. Ay, where are you going?

Abs. Where am I going?

Sir Anth. You unmannerly puppy!

Abs. I was going, sir, to—to—to—to Lydia—sir,
to Lydia—to make matters up if I could;—and
I was looking for you, sir, to—to—

Sir Anth. To go with you, I suppose.—Well, come
along.

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30

40

Abs. Oh! zounds! no, sir, not for the world!—I wished to meet with you, sir,—to—to—to— You find it cool, I'm sure, sir—you'd better not stay out.

Sir Anth. Cool!—not at all.—Well, Jack—and what will you say to Lydia?

Abs. Oh, sir, beg her pardon, humour her—promise and vow: but I detain you, sir—consider the cold air on your gout.

Sir Anth. Oh, not at all!—not at all! I'm in no hurry.—Ah! Jack, you youngsters, when once you are wounded here [*Putting his hand to Captain Absolute's breast.*] Hey! what the deuce have you got here? 50

Abs. Nothing, sir—nothing.

Sir Anth. What's this?—here's something damned hard.

Abs. Oh, trinkets, sir! trinkets!—a bauble for Lydia!

Sir Anth. Nay, let me see your taste.—[*Pulls his coat open, the sword falls.*] Trinkets!—a bauble for Lydia!—Zounds! sirrah, you are not going to cut her throat, are you? 60

Abs. Ha! ha! ha!—I thought it would divert you, sir, though I didn't mean to tell you till afterwards.

The Rivals

Act V. Sc. ii.

Sir Anth. You didn't?—Yes, this is a very diverting trinket, truly!

Abs. Sir, I'll explain to you.—You know, sir, Lydia is romantic, devilish romantic, and very absurd of course: now, sir, I intend, if she 70 refuses to forgive me, to unsheathe this sword, and swear I'll fall upon its point, and expire at her feet!

Sir Anth. Fall upon a fiddlestick's end!—why, I suppose it is the very thing that would please her.—Get along, you fool!

Abs. Well, sir, you shall hear of my success—you shall hear.—*O Lydia!*—forgive me, or this pointed steel—says I.

Sir Anth. *O, booby!* stab away and welcome—says 80 she.—Get along! and damn your trinkets!

[Exit Captain Absolute.

Enter David, running.

Dav. Stop him! stop him! Murder! Thief!
Fire!—Stop fire! Stop fire!—*O Sir Anthony*—call! call! bid 'm stop! Murder!
Fire!

Sir Anth. Fire! Murder!—Where?

Dav. Oons! he's out of sight! and I'm out of

breath, for my part! O Sir Anthony, why
didn't you stop him? why didn't you stop
him?

90

Sir Anth. Zounds! the fellow's mad!—Stop whom?
stop Jack?

Dav. Ay, the captain, sir!—there's murder and
slaughter——

Sir Anth. Murder!

Dav. Ay, please you, Sir Anthony, there's all kinds
of murder, all sorts of slaughter to be seen in the
fields: there's fighting going on, sir—bloody
sword-and-gun fighting!

Sir Anth. Who are going to fight, dunce? 100

Dav. Every body that I know of, Sir Anthony:
—every body is going to fight, my poor
master, Sir Lucius O'Trigger, your son, the
captain——

Sir Anth. Oh, the dog! I see his tricks.—Do you
know the place?

Dav. King's-Mead-Fields.

Sir Anth. You know the way?

Dav. Not an inch; but I'll call the mayor—alder-
men—constables—churchwardens—and beadles 110
—we can't be too many to part them.

Sir Anth. Come along—give me your shoulder!

we'll get assistance as we go—the lying villain!

—Well, I shall be in such a frenzy!—So—
this was the history of his trinkets! I'll bauble
him!

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.

King's-Mead-Fields.

Enter Sir Lucius O'Trigger and Acres, with pistols.

Acres. By my valour! then, Sir Lucius, forty yards
is a good distance. Odds levels and aims!—I
say it is a good distance.

Sir Luc. Is it for muskets or small field-pieces?
Upon my conscience, Mr Acres, you must
leave those things to me.—Stay now—I'll
show you.—[*Measures paces along the stage.*] There now, that is a very pretty distance—a
pretty gentleman's distance.

Acres. Zounds! we might as well fight in a sentry-
box! I tell you, Sir Lucius, the farther he is
off, the cooler I shall take my aim.

Sir Luc. Faith! then I suppose you would aim at
him best of all if he was out of sight!

10

Acres. No, Sir Lucius; but I should think forty or eight-and-thirty yards—

Sir Luc. Pho! pho! nonsense! three or four feet between the mouths of your pistols is as good as a mile.

Acres. Odds bullets, no!—by my valour! there is 20 no merit in killing him so near: do, my dear Sir Lucius, let me bring him down at a long shot:—a long shot, Sir Lucius, if you love me!

Sir Luc. Well, the gentleman's friend and I must settle that.—But tell me now, Mr Acres, in case of an accident, is there any little will or commission I could execute for you?

Acres. I am much obliged to you, Sir Lucius—but I don't understand—

30

Sir Luc. Why, you may think there's no being shot at without a little risk—and if an unlucky bullet should carry a quietus with it—I say it will be no time then to be bothering you about family matters.

Acres. A quietus!

Sir Luc. For instance, now—if that should be the case—would you choose to be pickled and sent home?—or would it be the same to you to lie

The Rivals

Act V. Sc. iii.

here in the Abbey!—I'm told there is very 40
snug lying in the Abbey.

Acres. Pickled!—Snug lying in the Abbey!—
Odds tremors! Sir Lucius, don't talk so!

Sir Luc. I suppose, Mr Acres, you never were
engaged in an affair of this kind before?

Acres. No, Sir Lucius, never before.

Sir Luc. Ah! that's a pity!—there's nothing like
being used to a thing.—Pray now, how would
you receive the gentleman's shot?

Acres. Odds files!—I've practised that—there, Sir 50
Lucius—there.—[*Puts himself in an attitude.*] A side-front, hey? Odd! I'll make myself
small enough: I'll stand edgeways.

Sir Luc. Now—you're quite out—for if you stand
so when I take my aim— [Levelling at him.]

Acres. Zounds! Sir Lucius—are you sure it is not
cocked?

Sir Luc. Never fear.

Acres. But—but—you don't know—it may go off
of its own head!

Sir Luc. Pho! be easy.—Well, now if I hit you in
the body, my bullet has a double chance—for if
it misses a vital part of your right side—'twill
be very hard if it don't succeed on the left!

60

Acres. A vital part?

Sir Luc. But, there—fix yourself so—[*Placing him*]—let him see the broad-side of your full front—there—now a ball or two may pass clean through your body, and never do any harm at all.

Acres. Clean through me!—a ball or two clean through me!

Sir Luc. Ay, may they—and it is much the genteelst attitude into the bargain.

Acres. Look'ee! Sir Lucius—I'd just as lieve be shot in an awkward posture as a genteel one; so, by my valour! I will stand edgeways.

Sir Luc. [*Looking at his watch.*] Sure they don't mean to disappoint us—Hah!—no, faith—I think I see them coming.

Acres. Hey!—what!—coming!—

Sir Luc. Ay.—Who are those yonder getting over the stile?

Acres. There are two of them indeed!—well—let them come—hey, Sir Lucius!—we—we—we—we—we—won't run.

Sir Luc. Run!

Acres. No—I say—we won't run, by my valour!

Sir Luc. What the devil's the matter with you?

70

80

The Rivals

Act V. Sc. iii.

Acres. Nothing—nothing—my dear friend—my 90
dear Sir Lucius—but I—I—I don't feel quite
so bold, somehow, as I did.

Sir Luc. O fy!—consider your honour.

Acres. Ay—true—my honour. Do, Sir Lucius,
edge in a word or two every now and then
about my honour.

Sir Luc. Well, here they're coming. [Looking.

Acres. Sir Lucius—if I wa'n't with you, I should
almost think I was afraid.—If my valour
should leave me!—Valour will come and go. 100

Sir Luc. Then pray keep it fast, while you have it.

Acres. Sir Lucius—I doubt it is going—yes—my
valour is certainly going!—it is sneaking off!—
I feel it oozing out as it were at the palms of
my hands!

Sir Luc. Your honour—your honour!—Here they
are.

Acres. O mercy!—now—that I was safe at Clod-
Hall! or could be shot before I was aware!

Enter Faulkland and Captain Absolute.

Sir Luc. Gentlemen, your most obedient.—Hah! 110
—what, Captain Absolute!—So, I suppose,
sir, you are come here, just like myself—to do

a kind office, first for your friend—then to proceed to business on your own account.

Acres. What, Jack!—my dear Jack!—my dear friend!

Abs. Hark'ee, Bob, Beverley's at hand.

Sir Luc. Well, Mr Acres—I don't blame your saluting the gentleman civilly.—[*To Faulkland.*] So, Mr Beverley, if you'll choose your 120 weapons, the captain and I will measure the ground.

Faulk. My weapons, sir!

Acres. Odds life! Sir Lucius, I'm not going to fight Mr Faulkland; these are my particular friends.

Sir Luc. What, sir, did you not come here to fight Mr Acres?

Faulk. Not I, upon my word, sir.

Sir Luc. Well, now, that's mighty provoking! 130 But I hope, Mr Faulkland, as there are three of us come on purpose for the game, you won't be so cantankerous as to spoil the party by sitting out.

Abs. O pray, Faulkland, fight to oblige Sir Lucius.

Faulk. Nay, if Mr Acres is so bent on the matter——

The Rivals

Act V. Sc. iii.

Acres. No, no, Mr Faulkland;—I'll bear my disappointment like a Christian.—Look'ee, Sir Lucius, there's no occasion at all for me to 140 fight; and if it is the same to you, I'd as lieve let it alone.

Sir Luc. Observe me, Mr Acres—I must not be trifled with. You have certainly challenged somebody—and you came here to fight him. Now, if that gentleman is willing to represent him, I can't see, for my soul, why it isn't just the same thing.

Acres. Why no—Sir Lucius—I tell you, 'tis one Beverley I've challenged—a fellow, you see, 150 that dare not show his face!—If he were here, I'd make him give up his pretensions directly!

Abs. Hold, Bob—let me set you right—there is no such man as Beverley in the case.—The person who assumed that name is before you; and as his pretensions are the same in both characters, he is ready to support them in whatever way you please.

Sir Luc. Well, this is lucky.—Now you have an opportunity—

Acres. What, quarrel with my dear friend Jack Absolute?—not if he were fifty Beverleys!

160

Zounds! Sir Lucius, you would not have me so unnatural.

Sir Luc. Upon my conscience, Mr Acres, your valour has oozed away with a vengeance!

Acres. Not in the least! Odds backs and abettors! I'll be your second with all my heart—and if you should get a quietus, you may command me entirely. I'll get you snug lying in the 170 Abbey here; or pickle you, and send you over to Blunderbuss-hall, or any thing of the kind, with the greatest pleasure.

Sir Luc. Pho! pho! you are little better than a coward.

Acres. Mind, gentlemen, he calls me a coward; coward was the word, by my valour!

Sir Luc. Well, sir?

Acres. Look'ee, Sir Lucius, 'tisn't that I mind the word coward—coward may be said in joke 180—but if you had called me a poltroon, odds daggers and balls——

Sir Luc. Well, sir?

Acres. I should have thought you a very ill-bred man.

Sir Luc. Pho! you are beneath my notice.

Abs. Nay, Sir Lucius, you can't have a better second than my friend Acres.—He is a most

determined dog—called in the country, Fighting Bob.—He generally kills a man a week—don't you, Bob?

190

Acres. Ay—at home!

Sir Luc. Well, then, captain, 'tis we must begin—so come out, my little counsellor—[*Draws his sword*]—and ask the gentleman, whether he will resign the lady, without forcing you to proceed against him?

Abs. Come on then, sir—[*Draws*]; since you won't let it be an amicable suit, here's my reply.

Enter Sir Anthony Absolute, David, Mrs Malaprop, Lydia, and Julia.

Dav. Knock 'em all down, sweet Sir Anthony; 200 knock down my master in particular; and bind his hands over to their good behaviour!

Sir Anth. Put up, Jack, put up, or I shall be in a frenzy—how came you in a duel, sir?

Abs. Faith, sir, that gentleman can tell you better than I; 'twas he called on me, and you know, sir, I serve his majesty.

Sir Anth. Here's a pretty fellow; I catch him going to cut a man's throat, and he tells me,

he serves his majesty!—Zounds! sirrah, then 210
how durst you draw the king's sword against
one of his subjects?

Abs. Sir, I tell you! that gentleman called me out,
without explaining his reasons.

Sir Anth. Gad! sir, how came you to call my son
out, without explaining your reasons?

Sir Luc. Your son, sir, insulted me in a manner
which my honour could not brook.

Sir Anth. Zounds! Jack, how durst you insult the
gentleman in a manner which his honour could 220
not brook?

Mrs Mal. Come, come, let's have no honour before
ladies.—Captain Absolute, come here—How
could you intimidate us so?—Here's Lydia
has been terrified to death for you.

Abs. For fear I should be killed, or escape, ma'am?

Mrs Mal. Nay, no delusions to the past—Lydia is
convinced; speak, child.

Sir Luc. With your leave, ma'am, I must put in a
word here: I believe I could interpret the 230
young lady's silence. Now mark—

Lyd. What is it you mean, sir?

Sir Luc. Come, come, Delia, we must be serious
now—this is no time for trifling.

The Rivals

Act V. Sc. iii.

Lyd. 'Tis true, sir ; and your reproof bids me offer this gentleman my hand, and solicit the return of his affections.

Abs. O ! my little angel, say you so !—Sir Lucius—I perceive there must be some mistake here, with regard to the affront which you affirm I 240 have given you. I can only say, that it could not have been intentional. And as you must be convinced, that I should not fear to support a real injury, you shall now see that I am not ashamed to atone for an inadvertency—I ask your pardon.—But for this lady, while honoured with her approbation, I will support my claim against any man whatever.

Sir Anth. Well said, Jack, and I'll stand by you, my boy.

250

Acres. Mind, I give up all my claim—I make no pretensions to any thing in the world ; and if I can't get a wife without fighting for her, by my valour ! I'll live a bachelor.

Sir Luc. Captain, give me your hand : an affront handsomely acknowledged becomes an obligation ; and as for the lady, if she chooses to deny her own hand-writing, here——

[*Takes out letters.*

Mrs Mal. O, he will dissolve my mystery!—Sir Lucius, perhaps there's some mistake—perhaps 260 I can illuminate—

Sir Luc. Pray, old gentlewoman, don't interfere where you have no business.—Miss Languish, are you my Delia, or not?

Lyd. Indeed, Sir Lucius, I am not.

[Walks aside with Captain Absolute.]

Mrs Mal. Sir Lucius O'Trigger—ungrateful as you are—I own the soft impeachment—pardon my blushes, I am Delia.

Sir Luc. You Delia—pho! pho! be easy.

Mrs Mal. Why, thou barbarous Vandyke—those 270 letters are mine—When you are more sensible of my benignity—perhaps I may be brought to encourage your addresses.

Sir Luc. Mrs Malaprop, I am extremely sensible of your condescension; and whether you or Lucy have put this trick on me, I am equally beholden to you.—And, to show you I am not ungrateful, Captain Absolute, since you have taken that lady from me, I'll give you my Delia into the bargain. 280

Abs. I am much obliged to you, Sir Lucius; but here's my friend, Fighting Bob, unprovided for.

The Rivals

Act V. Sc. iii.

Sir Luc. Hah! little Valour—here, will you make
your fortune?

Acres. Odds wrinkles! No.—But give me your
hand, Sir Lucius, forget and forgive; but if
ever I give you a chance of pickling me again,
say Bob Acres is a dunce, that's all.

Sir Anth. Come, Mrs Malaprop, don't be cast down
—you are in your bloom yet. 290

Mrs. Mal. O Sir Anthony—men are all barbarians.
[All retire but Julia and Faulkland.]

Jul. *[Aside.]* He seems dejected and unhappy—
not sullen; there was some foundation, how-
ever, for the tale he told me—O woman! how
true should be your judgment, when your
resolution is so weak!

Faulk. Julia!—how can I sue for what I so little
deserve? I dare not presume—yet Hope is
the child of Penitence.

Jul. O! Faulkland, you have not been more faulty 300
in your unkind treatment of me, than I am now
in wanting inclination to resent it. As my
heart honestly bids me place my weakness to
the account of love, I should be ungenerous not
to admit the same plea for yours.

Faulk. Now I shall be blest indeed!

Sir Anth. [Coming forward.] What's going on here?—So you have been quarrelling too, I warrant! Come, Julia, I never interfered before; but let me have a hand in the matter 310 at last.—All the faults I have ever seen in my friend Faulkland seemed to proceed from what he calls the delicacy and warmth of his affection for you—There, marry him directly, Julia; you'll find he'll mend surprisingly!

[*The rest come forward.*]

Sir Luc. Come, now, I hope there is no dissatisfied person, but what is content; for as I have been disappointed myself, it will be very hard if I have not the satisfaction of seeing other people succeed better. 320

Acres. You are right, Sir Lucius.—So Jack, I wish you joy—Mr Faulkland the same.—Ladies,—come now, to show you I'm neither vexed nor angry, odds tabors and pipes! I'll order the fiddles in half an hour to the New Rooms—and I insist on your all meeting me there.

Sir Anth. 'Gad! sir, I like your spirit; and at night we single lads will drink a health to the young couples, and a husband to Mrs Malaprop.

Faulk. Our partners are stolen from us, Jack—I 330

hope to be congratulated by each other—yours for having checked in time the errors of an ill-directed imagination, which might have betrayed an innocent heart; and mine, for having, by her gentleness and candour, reformed the unhappy temper of one, who by it made wretched whom he loved most, and tortured the heart he ought to have adored.

Abs. Well, Jack, we have both tasted the bitters, as well as the sweets of love; with this 340 difference only, that you always prepared the bitter cup for yourself, while I——

Lyd. Was always obliged to me for it, hey! Mr Modesty?—But, come, no more of that—our happiness is now as unalloyed as general.

Jul. Then let us study to preserve it so: and while Hope pictures to us a flattering scene of future bliss, let us deny its pencil those colours which are too bright to be lasting.—When hearts deserving happiness would unite their fortunes, 350 Virtue would crown them with an unfading garland of modest hortless flowers; but ill-judging Passion will force the gaudier rose into the wreath, whose thorn offends them when its leaves are dropped!

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

EPILOGUE.

BY THE AUTHOR.

SPOKEN BY MRS BULKLEY.

LADIES, for you—I heard our poet say—
He'd try to coax some moral from his play :
“One moral's plain,” cried I, “without more fuss,
Man's social happiness all rests on us :
Through all the drama—whether damned or not—
Love gilds the scene, and women guide the plot.
From every rank obedience is our due—
D'ye doubt?—The world's great stage shall prove
it true.

The cit, well skilled to shun domestic strife,
Will sup abroad ; but first he'll ask his wife : 10
John Trot, his friend, for once will do the same,
But then—he'll just step home to tell his dame.

The surly squire at noon resolves to rule,
And half the day—Zounds! madam is a fool !
Convinced at night, the vanquished victor says,
Ah, Kate! you women have such coaxing ways.

The jolly toper chides each tardy blade,
Till reeling Bacchus calls on Love for aid :

The Rivals

Epilogue.

Then with each toast he sees fair bumpers swim,
And kisses Chloe on the sparkling brim ! 20

Nay, I have heard that statesmen—great and
wise—

Will sometimes counsel with a lady's eyes !
The servile suitors watch her various face,
She smiles preferment, or she frowns disgrace,
Curtsies a pension here—there nods a place.

Nor with less awe, in scenes of humbler life,
Is viewed the mistress, or is heard the wife.

The poorest peasant of the poorest soil,
The child of poverty, and heir to toil,
Early from radiant Love's impartial light 30
Steals one small spark to cheer this world of night :
Dear spark ! that oft through winter's chilling woes
Is all the warmth his little cottage knows !

The wandering tar, who not for years has pressed
The widowed partner of his day of rest,
On the cold deck, far from her arms removed,
Still hums the ditty which his Susan loved ;
And while around the cadence rude is blown,
The boatswain whistles in a softer tone.

The soldier, fairly proud of wounds and toil, 40
Pants for the triumph of his Nancy's smile ;
But ere the battle should he list her cries,

(The lover trembles—and the hero dies !
That heart, by war and honour steeled to fear,
Droops on a sigh, and sickens at a tear !

But ye more cautious, ye nice-judging few,
Who give to beauty only beauty's due,
Though friends to love—ye view with deep regret
Our conquests marred, our triumphs incomplete,
Till polished wit more lasting charms disclose, 50
And judgment fix the darts which beauty throws !
In female breasts did sense and merit rule,
The lover's mind would ask no other school ;
Shamed into sense, the scholars of our eyes,
Our beaux from gallantry would soon be wise ;
Would gladly light, their homage to improve,
The lamp of knowledge at the torch of love !



Notes.

Prologue. By the Author, 5-10. On the second appearance of the play the following lines were substituted for these verses:—

"How's this! the poet's brief again! Oh ho!
Cast, I suppose?"

Att. Oh pardon me—No—No.

We found the Court o'erlooking stricter laws,
Indulgent to the merits of the cause;
By judges mild, unused to harsh denial,
A rule was granted for another trial.

Serj. Then hark'ee, Dibble, did you mend your pleadings;
Errors, no few, we've found in our proceedings.

Att. Come, courage, sir, we did amend our plea,
Hence your new brief, and this refreshing fee."

Prologue spoken on the tenth night, 31. Woodward was Captain Absolute, Dunstal, Acres' servant David; Quick was Acres; Shuter, Sir Anthony; Miss Barsanti, Lydia Languish; and Mrs Green, Mrs Malaprop. Mrs Green, daughter of John Hippisley, the actor, appeared as Ophelia in Garrick's first season at Goodman's Fields, and created the parts of Kitty Pry in Garrick's *Lying Valet*, and Biddy in *Miss in her Teens*: she died in 1791. John Quick (1748-1831) first acted at Covent Garden in 1767, and in the following year was the original Postboy in Goldsmith's *Good-natured Man*. In 1773 he created the part of Tony Lumpkin in *She Stoops to Conquer*. Henry Woodward died in 1777, aged 60.